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SCREENLAND

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May

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APR 25 1944



Betty Hutton

HEDY LAMARR'S LOWDOWN ON LOVE

VAN JOHNSON PICKS HIS "DREAM-UP GIRL"

APR 22 1944

everyone sees everyone else at

Hollywood's gay night spot . . . the *Mocambo*

The flags of the United Nations signal a bright welcome to the Mocambo . . . where Hollywood dances, dines, celebrates its important goings-on . . . where the guest list is a "Who's-Who" of screen celebrities and Hollywood's elite. Night-life at the Mocambo is the very essence of movieland's sparkling gayety.



On the Hollywood Scene . . .

the spotlight is on shoes by

Jolène

When cameras click and columnists report "seen at the Mocambo", Jolene shoes are among-those-present! Designed in movieland . . . where Jolene, famous stylist, takes inspiration from the smartest places and personalities . . . they bring Hollywood's inimitable youth and sparkle to your wardrobe. And they're so inexpensive! $4 to $5

(Slightly Higher Denver West)

JOLÉNE shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

Manufactured and Distributed by TOBER-SAIFER SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUS

After Hours—

hearts surrender to a radiant, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But *after hours*—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like THAT—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling smile! So let *your* smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

★ ★ ★ ★

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome. ★ ★ ★ ★

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.



For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power. ★ ★ ★ ★

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

★ ★ ★ ★

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

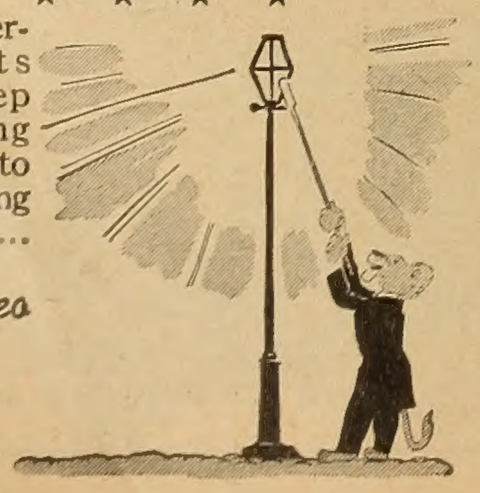
★ ★ ★ ★

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

★ ★ ★ ★

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—*Leo*



SCREENLAND

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Van Johnson, seen next in M-G-M's "Two Sisters And A Sailor"
Gail Russell, soon to appear in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" for Paramount; Gloria De Haven, M-G-M starlet; Lon McAllister, in 20th Century-Fox's "Home In Indiana;" Sonny Tufts, co-starring in Paramount's "I Love A Soldier"
Carole Landis, in "Four Jills In A Jeep" for 20th Century-Fox

Picture Pages: *Morale Boosters (Hazel Brooks, Lina Romay, Mary Ganly, Lucille Bremer, Natalie Draper); SCREENLAND Salutes Francis Lederer in "Voice In The Wind;" "Curly" Grant and Company (Cary Grant); Can This Be Bergman? (Ingrid Bergman); Can This Be Boyer? (Charles Boyer); How NOT To Learn To Act (Eddie Bracken and Diana Lynn); "Pin-Up's" Progress (Dolores Moran); Salute To Spring (Donna Reed Fashions)*

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Cover Portrait of BETTY HUTTON, star of Paramount's "Incendiary Blonde." Kodachrome by A. L. Whitey Shafer

MAY, 1944

VOLUME FORTY EIGHT
NUMBER SEVEN

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
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SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., at 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 205 E. 42nd St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 427 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions $2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.50 in Canada; foreign $3.00. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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Printed in the U. S. A.
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

M-G-M presents

CHARLES BOYER · INGRID BERGMAN · JOSEPH COTTEN

in

Gaslight



A melodrama of

A STRANGE LOVE !

with

DAME MAY WHITTY · ANGELA LANSBURY · BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston · Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... *they last and last.*

Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. try again next time you're in Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted

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BOB PINS HAIR PINS HAIR NETS
SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

HOLLYWOOD was rocked back on its heels by the domestic blow-up of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Story of the break got headway before Joan planned it should. Reporters kept the telephone hot: Joan and Dick were considered the happiest couple in town Cameramen gathered at the gate in the high brick wall which surrounds the Powell estate. (Ruth Chatterton built this old English house which was bought by the Jascha Heifetzes and in turn sold to Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders before Joan bought it.) It's next door to Frances Marion's. So reporters tackled Frances by phone and asked her to find out what was going on with Joan.

Pay-off is all the time Joan was at Frances' with her baby, hiding out from the publicity hounds.

TRIALS without tribulations should be Arthur Hornblow's slogan. He and ex-wife Myrna Loy once had a trial marriage separation. So did first ex-wife Juliet Crosby and Hornblow. Now he's having a "trial engagement separation" with fiancée Bubbles Schinasi. They will not see, write to each other, or telephone for half a year. If they're still free they'll marry. That's Hollywood for you.



Marjorie Reynolds and her husband, Lt. Jack Reynolds, enjoy a chat with Cass Daley at Fourth War Loan Bond rally.

IF YOU HEAR of Captain Clark Gable making eyes at this beauty or that, chalk it down to sheer nonsense. He's got both his eyes—and his heart—set on Kay Williams.

IT'S SUPPOSED to be a thing between Peggy Ellis and George Raft. Hollywood claims quite another girl has his heart and has been driving his motor car since he's been away. P.S.: When they let you burn up their tires, dearie, it's *love!*



Vera-Ellen, dancing hit of Broadway show, "A Connecticut Yankee," signed without a screen test by Samuel Goldwyn. Watch for her.



Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture

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STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S
"You Can't Ration Love"

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"Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 60."



Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*

SONG OF BERNADETTE—
20th Century-Fox

Nothing has ever equalled in movie history the inspired performance of Jennifer Jones as *Bernadette* in Franz Werfel s moving and exalted story of the Miracle of Lourdes. Most appealing is her unshakable faith in her visions of the "Beautiful Lady" who brings forth the spring to cure the sick, and her dignified simplicity in convincing town politicians and religious leaders of the 1850's that the visions are not imaginary. The scenes of her impoverished life, denied happiness in this world, will bring tears to the eyes of many who have forgotten how to cry. The film, directed with a sensitive touch by Henry King, is an epic in detail and will give a spiritual uplift to all who see it. It will leave the feelings of no one untouched. Others in the cast who give outstanding performances are Anne Revere as *Bernadette's* hard-working mother, Charles Bickford as *Father Peyramale* and William Eythe, most appealing, as *Antoine Nicolau.*



UP IN ARMS—
Goldwyn-RKO Release

Danny Kaye's bow to the movie audiences in this film based on Owen Davis' character in "The Nervous Wreck," should make him as popular with the rest of the country as he is with Broadway. Besides his "Melody in 4F" routine, double-talk history of a 1-A draftee for which he is famous, he does a take-off on the movies which will have you howling in glee at its none too gentle satire. Add another headliner in the entertainment field, Dinah Shore, and it leaves little room for the story which takes a hypochondriac through the throes of the draft board, on a transport with a troop of beautiful WACs (the Goldwyn Girls), to a South Pacific Island where our hero captures a horde of Japs single-handed. For the romantic-minded, Dana Andrews and newcomer Constance Dowling very nicely fill the bill. You will want to see this team again.



IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—
United Artists

If you've ever said you'd like to know what is going to happen tomorrow, see this picture and you'll change your mind. Dick Powell plays a young cub reporter who is provided with tomorrow's newspaper which gives him a summary of all the next day's events. His first "advance scoop," the robbery of the opera house, lands him in jail as an accomplice, involves the girl he loves, a medium for a clairvoyant, who foretells her own jump in the river to bear out the miracle. The scripters, Rene Clair and Dudley Nichols, pile up the predicaments, providing plenty of fun to the very end. Linda Darnell is beautiful in the co-starring rôle, but the script gives her too little to do. Jack Oakie is funny as the clairvoyant and Edgar Kennedy does his usual stuff as the inspector. John Philliber makes an interesting character of *Pop Benson,* keeper of the newspaper morgue.



THE IMPOSTER—*Universal*

Jean Gabin, tagged the French Spencer Tracy to identify him to the American public when he made his first picture, "Moontide," in 1942, will gain popularity in Julien Duvivier's film about the fugitive murderer who usurped the identity of a French soldier-hero and gives it added glory and honor on the battlefields with the Free French forces in Africa. While the story covers this phase of the war, it is essentially a study of the regeneration of a man who never was given an even break through the friendship of his fellow soldiers: Richard Whorf, Peter Van Eyck, Allyn Joslyn, John Qualen and Eddie Quillan—all of whom give finely etched characterizations. Ellen Drew, the only girl in the cast, is lovely in her few brief but important scenes.

HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!



ANN SHERIDAN

DENNIS MORGAN

JACK CARSON

IRENE MANNING



SHERIDANdy!! singing, dancing as wonderful NORA BAYES!

HARVEST MOON

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!



ALL THESE ALL-TIME FAVORITES!

'LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT'
'APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN NORMANDY'
'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME'
'BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE'
'OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL'

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler

Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

They're all playing now— don't dare miss a single wonderful one!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'





THE SULLIVANS—*20th Century-Fox*

Saga of a splendid American family, this true and touching screen story of the five Sullivan brothers will appeal to anyone with even a streak of honest sentiment in his nature. After all, what is it but the story of the boys next door—those kids who grew up the same way as your boys, laughing and scrapping and loving, and somewhere along the way learning how to be heroes. "The Sullivans" cannot be called "another war film" at all; being more concerned with good will and human nature than with spectacular exploits, it pictures the home life of this typical Irish-American family, from boyhood to young manhood, with rare fidelity. Only when the close-knit family devotion of the five brothers leads them to enlist, to fight and die together on the Juneau, does the picture pound home its important point, leaving you deeply stirred and grateful for such as the Sullivans—and for Hollywood, too, for glorifying them honestly and decently. A fine cast includes the likable newcomers who play the brothers (Edward Ryan, John Campbell, James Cardwell, John Alvin, and George Offerman, Jr.) and Trudy Marshall, as their sister who joins the WAVES; Anne Baxter, giving her usual charming and sincere performance as the youngest boy's bride; and Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle as Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan.



PHANTOM LADY—*Universal*

Sitting on the edge of your seat watching this thriller, you'll begin to think you're seeing Alfred Hitchcock's latest crime exhibit. Well, this isn't the one and only, original mystery maestro at work, but it's a reasonable facsimile of the noted director's suspenseful style—for the producer is none other than Joan Harrison, who helped concoct some of the better Hitchcock shows. Miss Harrison has great talent for building breathtaking sequences and she exerts it freely in this story of a pretty girl secretary, who refuses to believe that her handsome boss is a murderer and saves him from the chair in the proverbial nick of time, by tracking down the real criminal. Ingeniously contrived situations hold surprises for you, the biggest being Franchot Tone as—but we're not going to give the plot away. That wouldn't be fair to Ella Raines, who works hard in the rôle of the loyal little secretary and proves her case beyond a shadow of doubt—including the fact that she's one of the screen's important new players. Watch her step right on up the ladder in forthcoming films. The girl who looks so much like Carmen Miranda is the Brazilian's sister, Aurora. You'll like her song, "Chick-ee-Chick."



THE PURPLE HEART—*20th Century-Fox*

This film, produced by Darryl Zanuck, should go on top of every citizen's movie list. It covers the Jap atrocities, leaving out all the gore and hysteria. None of the value is lost in the dignified sensible approach, handled as a "murder" case in the civil courts of Japan, accusing eight boys who flew a bomber over Tokyo, with the chief of the Black Dragon Society as judge. Though you don't see them tortured, there is a terrific emotional tug when the boys return, one by one, from the interview with the superciliously grinning General of Jap Army Intelligence, seeking information about the bomber's base. Of course, the case is cut-and-dried from the very beginning, but the deportment of our boys, as played by Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Farley Granger, Kevin O'Shea, Donald Barry, Sam Levene, Charles Russell and John Craven, will give you great pride in their noble endurance.



PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE—*Warner Bros.*

This exciting adventure story about five patriotic convicts who escape from Devil's Island to fight for France is very deftly told in a double flashback. Scenes in the penal colony are as dismal as any you've seen, but the action becomes more lively when the convicts, picked up by a French freighter, overthrow a mutiny and down a German plane. With almost the same cast as "Casablanca"—Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan, Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine, Claude Rains, and Sidney Greenstreet—this film does not quite reach the same height in interest.



LADY, LET'S DANCE—*Monogram*

Belita's second picture parades her talent for ballet, ballroom dancing as well as ice-skating, all of which furnishes plenty of eye-filling entertainment worth 88 minutes of anybody's time. She's graceful, has a fine sense of timing and can act, too. The film carries the usual thin thread of a story which generally accompanies such extravaganzas—a waitress-refugee falls into the lap of opportunity which leads her to success, while the boy who promoted her talents, through misunderstanding, feels himself left out, becomes a failure until—this time he joins the Army. James Ellison is good as the male lead. Frick and Frack are funny.

Are You in the Know?



Could be they're doing—

- ☐ A Square Dance
- ☐ The Conga
- ☐ A Rhumba

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know *that!*" And now, maybe you're remembering *your* first Conga Line. Drums and maraccas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls *still* haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares —haven't discovered how *confidence* follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



What is it?

- ☐ A Sniper's Suit
- ☐ Paratrooper's Uniform
- ☐ A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on *concealment.* So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.



You hear it on which radio program?

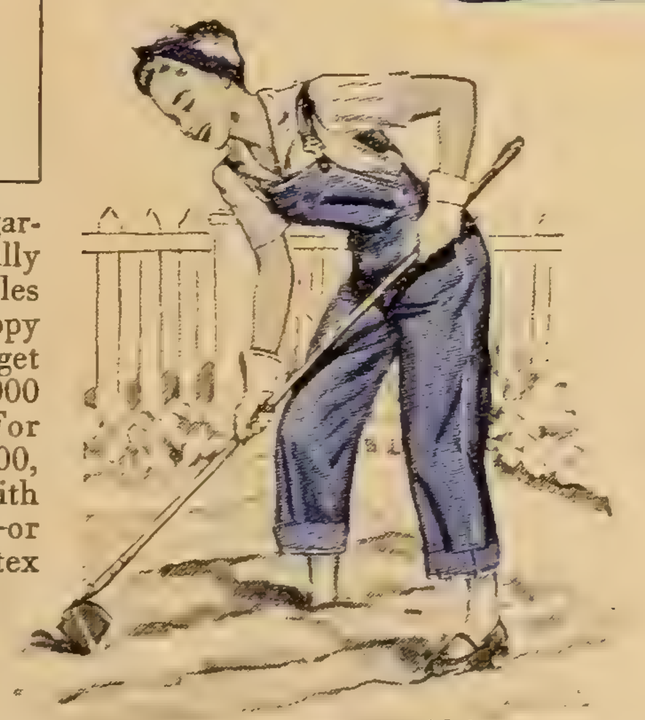
- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin' " if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't*, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

Is the little lady—

- ☐ Digging for fishing worms
- ☐ Searching for Treasure
- ☐ Hoeing for Victory

Right! She's one of Uncle Sam's gardeners—millions who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. They're a proud, happy clan! And if you're an outsider—get hep! Add *your* plot to the 20,000,000 Victory Gardens planted last year. For *this* year your country needs 22,000,000, and now's the time to start! *Stay* with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*



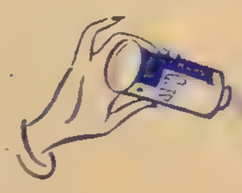


Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.



STOP GUESSING! ☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* booklet "As One Girl To Another." Learn do's and don'ts for difficult days.
☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives facts for "problem" days.

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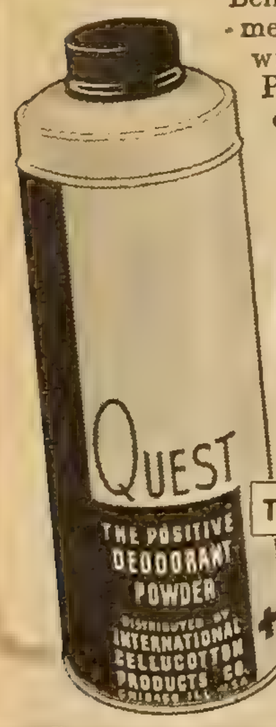
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.



QUEST
POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .



Kurb TABLETS

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

Fans' Forum











FIRST PRIZE WINNER
$10.00

As a young girl of sixteen with two brothers overseas, I'm getting good and tired of the panning that most of the war pictures get. I think they're swell and are doing a lot of good, too. Maybe they aren't perfect and are full of flaws as some of the soldiers claim, but at least they show us stay-at-homes what war is, and what our boys have to face, and that is a good thing for many of us.

I live several hundred miles away from the coast. There are no camps or noticeable war activities close by. Of course, we see some planes and many servicemen on furlough, like every other town in this country. But we see no *real* war activities.

There are thousands of towns like mine. Is it any wonder that, because of our location, we are in danger of letting down a bit if we aren't very careful? We need something to keep us on our toes and doing our best to help win this war. And there isn't anything that does this as much as many of today's war pictures. They give us first-hand sight of what a hell war is, even though we know these pictures are only make-believe. I salute them for the good job they are doing.

KAROL KAYHILL, Parkersburg, W. Va.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
$5.00

Piled up! That's what I call those ungodly hairdos our stars seem to be forced to wear. Some people call them "glamor" hairdos, but not me—nor thousands of others. For a long time I wanted to see Anne Gwynne, one of the loveliest of movie stars. Last summer I got my wish—she and John Garfield toured our camp—but I was very disappointed in her. She had her hair piled on her head and, as a result, she wasn't the Anne Gwynne I pay to see as regularly as one of her pictures comes to town.

Then there are lovely Susan Hayward and Frances Langford. Susan's hair was all piled up in "Jack London" and ruined a marvelous picture for me. They *almost* let her hair down in "The Fighting Seabees." They almost put Frances Langford's hair back to normal in "Career Girl." If the movie producers would get our girls' hair combed out so they would look natural and sweet, we would sure enjoy our pictures again. I don't say "piled up" hair ruins a good screen story. It just doesn't help any.

LT. JOHN WALL, Camp Pickett, Va.

Compliments and Criticisms

Everything you have to say about your favorite stars or movies in general are helpful hints to the men who provide America's Number One entertainment. Write your letter to Fans' Forum now. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00, and five $1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS
$1.00 Each

It is my contention that very young children should not be allowed to see certain types of pictures, such as "The Glass Key," "Bataan," and dozens of others I could mention where I have both seen and heard them squeal in a frenzy of terror or delight. Their nervous systems have been keyed to such a pitch that they have visibly trembled. The fact that many children are allowed to stay for endless hours because their parents neither know nor care enough to keep track of them is a matter of gravest importance; for the children of today are the teachers of tomorrow, and it's a cinch you'll find more children in the moving picture houses today than you'll ever find in Sunday Schools.

After "Jeannie," "Seven Sweethearts," and such sweet little pictures (not forgetting the picturesque symphonies of flowers and animals so dear to children's hearts), of which I have seen just a few in recent years, I have heard exclamations of pleasure and approval all about me; whereas other features of the usual variety elicited signs of restless boredom and derogatory remarks.

You well know, however, that the majority of people are too indifferent to do anything about it! The answer, Mr. Producer, is up to you and NOT to the public whose taste can be educated to a wholesome level. Give us pictures that are worthwhile and actors and actresses whose private lives are either above reproach or unknown, and you will have performed a service to humanity of untold magnitude. You'll also find that

When will the war be over?...

A month after it could have been won?...
A year longer than it should have taken?

American women must give the answer

What American woman doesn't pray with all her heart that Victory will come at the earliest possible moment?

Who wouldn't do anything to speed the day when husbands will come back to their wives . . . fathers return to their children . . . sons to their parents? . . . Then why do so many war-time jobs remain unfilled? It must be because some women have not understood this desperate emergency . . . The hardest part of the war remains to be fought. The continuation of the present American war production is vital to our success. It has put a tremendous strain on our resources. The manpower it requires, the increasing needs of our armed forces, make it imperative that more and more women go to work. Not for just a few hours a week . . . not only in war industries . . . but in *any* essential job that you can be trained to fill . . . If you don't, this war will last longer . . . casualties will be greater . . . the number of men returning will be fewer. Who would be willing to stand by and let that happen?



What you can do...

Act! Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential business—they're helping overcome this serious emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends . . . There's work to be done—there's a war to be won!

The more women at war—
the sooner we'll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.,* Makers of **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



Mrs. Jack L. Warner is seen here with Gen. Henry H. Arnold and Admiral William F. Halsey at a buffet dinner party the Warner brothers gave for Army, Navy, Civic and Industrial leaders.

your commercial returns will be even greater.

If the writers of today can't give something more substantial than we have seen in recent years, how about turning to the classics of other years and to the worthwhile accomplishments of such people as Nurse Elizabeth Kenny, George Washington Carver, and those whose deeds speak for themselves?

MRS. F. J. WORRALL, Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

Speaking for a good many G.I.'s, may I register a protest against Hollywood's latest extravaganza, "As Thousands Cheer?" As relaxation, it's A-1 entertainment with the singing of Grayson, the acting of Kelly, the M-G-M star parade—all definitely "on the beam."

But the story, psychologically false as anything released this season, is a perfect example of Hollywood's inability to understand the soldier! A boy who has spent his entire life in the air is assigned a job totally foreign and unsuited to him; and, unhappy and resentful, he tells his girl about it. But does she understand? No; in typical movie fashion, she laughingly gives him something like: "Darling, you're wonderful! You're such a problem!"

From there on, the film shows up how rebellious and misbehaved this young man is. No attempt whatsoever is made to find out why he acts as he does, to see things from his angle. Then, as a topper, the scripters drag in a nice, gushy sermon on "teamwork!" But obviously, this being cinemaland, our hero comes to his senses and reforms, just in time to clasp the girl to his bosom for the finale. Phooey!

Does Hollywood think that the only problem the soldier has to worry about is Boy meets Girl? I'm certainly not countenancing insubordination and rebellion for the boy in the picture, or for any other soldier. But it would be nice if movieland were to turn out just one film dealing with the average, everyday problems which we have all had to face since entering the service.

PVT. DAVID R. MOSS,
Fairmont Army Air Base, Geneva, Neb.

Why must many actors and actresses prove their merit on Broadway before Hollywood notices them? Take, for example, Mary Martin, who sang unnoticed in a Hollywood night club, but as soon as she appeared in a Broadway musical Hollywood snapped her up. A period followed when she was not given the superior rôles which she surely deserves, so Mary had to leave for New York again. The fact that all New York is paying homage to her "One Touch of Venus" speaks for itself.

Tallulah Bankhead, Mary Anderson and William Bendix, all in the current "Lifeboat," were either discovered or rediscovered by Hollywood after appearing in successful Broadway productions. Among others discovered in the same way are Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire and Jack Haley. Come on, Hollywood, wake up!

FRED REESE WAGNER, Jr.,
Haddonfield, N. J.

I resented greatly the recent statement by Frank Sinatra in a newspaper regarding high class music or opera. Can anyone say that this "high brow stuff" is responsible for the increase in crime? The majority of juvenile offenders are composed of "swing addicts," if not Sinatra admirers. For in-



stance, did you ever hear a delinquent youngster say he was solid for Nelson Eddy? Or even Lawrence Tibbett? Definitely not! Yet "The Voice" took up quick defense in behalf of his crazed fans, then attacked opera and its many popular artists. Opera will continue to live long after "swing" has passed away.

J. BARR, Newark 3, N. J.

Many people have criticized us girls who scream and swoon whenever Sinatra sings, and have termed us crazy sixteen year old kids who will soon get over it when our boys come home. I was listening to a very humorous story a few weeks ago on one of the news broadcasts. The story was also in our city paper. It took place in Africa in an auditorium where soldiers and WACs had come to listen to a few recordings, and some of Sinatra's were among them. And those same WACs, the girls who are with our boys now and who are all twenty or over, were screaming and nearly swooning.

Naturally the soldiers didn't like it, nor do boys anywhere, for that matter. But neither do we girls like it when they whistle at Betty Grable and get goo-goo eyes at the mention of her name. They react the same to all the glamor gals and I bet it's been going on since Adam and Eve. It's strange no one has ever said anything or complained about the boys and I see no reason why they should complain about us. At least we have never gone to such extremes as throwing pennies at any glamor gal who appeared on the stage, as a few boys did to Sinatra, and when asked backstage to his dressing room to settle the dispute, didn't show up. I wonder why! I can't see any difference between us girls screaming and swooning over Sinatra and boys practically everywhere whistling and sighing over Grable. Can you?

ALICE CHIMINIELLO, Quincy, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

The average movie affects me like a double chocolate fudge marshmallow nut sundae binge—the paper doll hero and heroine are just too, too sweet and too excruciatingly ethical and noble. Or else, on the other hand, it is all so outdoorsy and horsy that it leaves me cold. But a few years ago I saw Fredric March in "Death Takes A Holiday" and I thrilled to his grand performance. Since then I have never missed one of his pictures. Why can't we have more like "Death Takes A Holiday?"

STELLA PETERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.



Lt. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., U.S. N.R., recently received Silver Star for outstanding service, at Stork Club with his wife.

"...Just how do you land a Marine?"



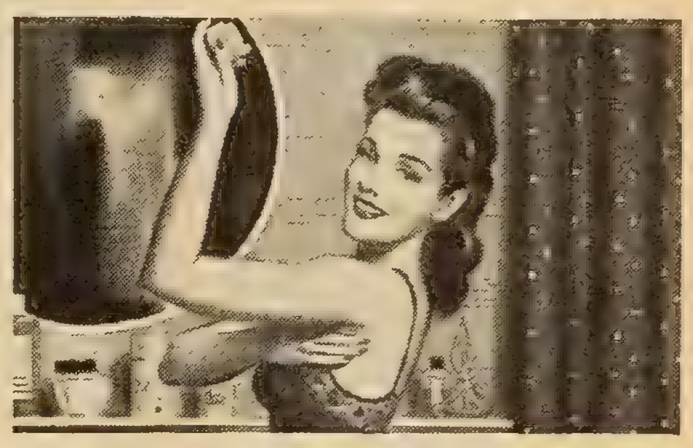
Janet: Listen, blonde and beautiful, I've got my eye on a Marine that I could go for . . . but he acts as if I didn't exist! I wish I knew how to nab him, Elsie.

Elsie: Use strategy, Janet! Leathernecks might halt for a pretty face—but they go "all out" for *charm!* You could have charm galore—but—



Janet: But *underarm* odor! Why, Elsie, I bathe every day!

Elsie: A daily bath only removes *past* perspiration. After every bath, I use Mum.



Janet: Tonight's a special date with my Marine—so thank goodness I learned about Mum. Now after my bath, I've Mum to protect *future* charm.





MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe and dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

BEAUTY DUTY

By Josephine Felts

Can you answer "yes" to every question on personal daintiness?

Pretty is as pretty does—and Julie Bishop, Warner Brothers' starlet in "Rhapsody in Blue," proves it. She follows a head-to-toe beauty routine faithfully.



IN HER new picture, Warner Brothers' "Rhapsody in Blue," Julie Bishop has a springlike freshness because, as you can see, from top to toe she is always immaculate. Like all movie stars, she must never, never be accused of one sloppy little habit which might ruin her charm!

If you would be so lovely, *complete* cleanliness is your beauty duty, too. Remember that even though you have the most beautiful face in the world, you can't be really attractive if you're guilty of a single sin against good grooming. Now, with spring in the air, it's a good time to check on your all-over freshness.

For your private checking, we are asking you some very intimate questions. Be honest. And, if you come across any little fault—which you have foolishly hoped nobody noticed! — do something about it.

Are your eyes always bright and clear? It's surprising how many girls' eyes aren't! They allow grime and dust to gather in the corners. They let wind and sun act as irritants. They put makeup on unclean eyes. For all these beauty errors, the use of an eyewash is both corrective and refreshing. Wash out your eyes with an eyecup full of eye cleansing preparation every morning just before you dash that final cold rinse to your face scrubbing. Do this before your evening date, too, particularly if you have been exposed to dust and wind. There are many good eyewashes—and most recommend their daily use in the care of your optics.

When you are tired, and your eyes show it, place cooling cotton pads soaked in eye lotion, or witch-hazel, on your closed eyes as you relax for ten minutes. You'll be amazed at how starry eyed this simple treatment will make you!

Are your teeth always spotless and shining? We hope so—because no matter how brilliant your smile, the slightest

(*Please turn to page* 80)

The memory of your shining hair



Goes with your sweetheart everywhere!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

A bright spot on the horizon to a man far away is the memory of his girl's lovely hair . . . gleaming in the sun or in the pale moonlight.

So DON'T dull the shining beauty of your hair by using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble



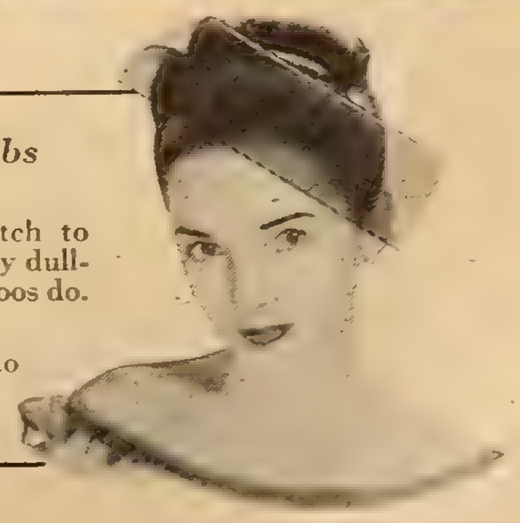
FORECAST FOR SUMMER . . . Gay cottons for every occasion! And for playtime hours this new, off-the-shoulder neckline inspired by Mexico! Those pearl-studded combs are Mexican, too—and the lovely new "upswept" hair-do reflects the same influence. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



20th

THE GREATEST FIGURE IN MOTION PICTURES BRINGS YOU 3 great ENTERTAINMENTS!

The Best of the West!



JOEL McCREA · MAUREEN O'HARA · LINDA DARNELL

in

BUFFALO BILL

IN TECHNICOLOR



with Thomas Mitchell • Edgar Buchanan • Anthony Quinn

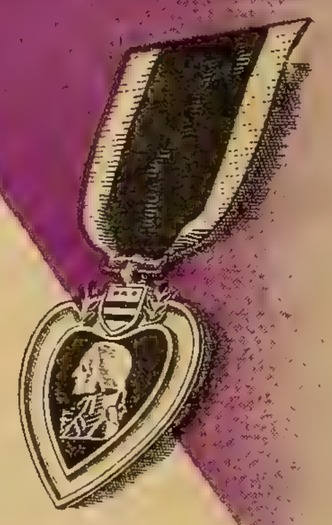
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Produced by HARRY A. SHERMAN • Screen Play by AEneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF

THE PURPLE HEART



Yanks Bomb Tokyo!



Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

with DANA ANDREWS · RICHARD CONTE · FARLEY GRANGER · KEVIN O'SHEA · DONALD BARRY · TRUDY MARSHALL · SAM LEVENE

Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady • Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

Hollywood goes "Over There"!



FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Featuring Kay Francis · Carole Landis · Martha Raye
Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra
John Harvey · Phil Silvers · DICK HAYMES

and the Guest Stars ALICE FAYE · BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA · GEORGE JESSEL



WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM 20 CENTURY-FOX

Gary and gals at Lakeside Golf Club 4th War Bond Rally: Marjorie Woode, Dottie Lamour, Ginny Simms.

The Editor's Page

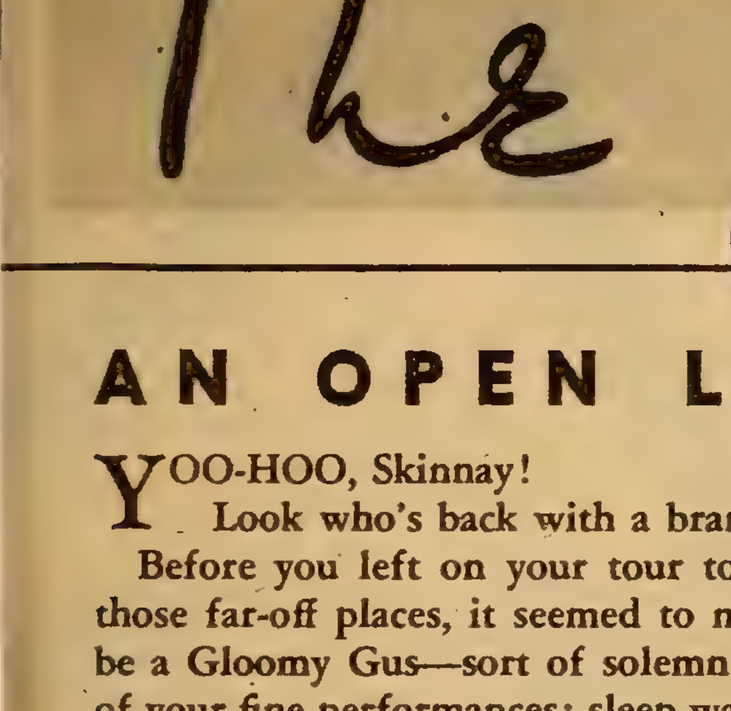
AN OPEN LETTER TO GARY COOPER

YOO-HOO, Skinnay!

Look who's back with a brand new personality!

Before you left on your tour to entertain the boys in those far-off places, it seemed to me you were getting to be a Gloomy Gus—sort of solemn and spiritless, in spite of your fine performances; sleep-walking your way toward movie immortality but not very happy about it.

Three good scouts: Bob Hope, Lamour, Cooper. Below, Gary's first dance with Mrs. Cooper after his return from South Seas tour.



Photos by Gene Lester



Now it's all different. Just gaze at that grin in picture at top of page. No self-consciousness there, no standing upon stellar dignity. Sure, it's all for sweet charity's sake, but it's a pleasure, too, not just a lazy gesture. Perhaps singing "Pistol Packin' Mama" to a few thousand soldiers —daring 'em to laugh with you, and not at you; clowning with your fellow-troupers Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks (Phyllis would cheer up anybody); remembering messages to deliver to the boys' families and sweethearts back home —perhaps all these things have helped to bring you closer to people, to make you understand the rest of the world a little better. We may expect you to get up and render "Mairzy Doats" any day now, and make us like it.

Delight Evans



This is a love story! The love story of a beautiful woman who was rich, famous—and lonely; of a handsome man, clever, sophisticated—and completely disillusioned. This is the true love story of Hedy and John, told for the first time here.

Photos by
Jack Woods, Warner Bros.

Those happy Loders! Exclusive photos show Hedy Lamarr and her husband as they start off their second year of successful marriage. Top right, with Bette Davis, who according to Hedy is the one actress who has lived up to her expectations, both on and off the screen. M-G-M's beautiful star was recently seen in "The Heavenly Body." John Loder's new film for Warner Brothers is "Passage to Marseille."

RECENTLY they celebrated their first year of marriage. No bride-over-the-threshold stuff. No enchanted cottage. No moonbeams for breakfast. But charming, romantic, and idealistic for all of that.

Today, for the very first time in their colorful lives, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder have found true love. One ingratiating year of companionship, deepening friendship, adjusting values, has given them a togetherness that neither has known before. Their happiness is mute evidence.

Fate brought them together on Christmas day in 1942. Both were alone. Lonely. Both went to the Hollywood Canteen. They have seen each other every single day since. Briefly they had met, once before, in Paris. Strangely enough, their respective homes were less than a block apart. Their paths never crossed. They feel they were drawn together on that Christmas day because they were *meant* to meet.

That opposites attract, there can be no question. They were serious right from the start. John a Capricorn, steady and plodding. Hedy a Scorpio, tempestuous as a rocket on the 4th of July. They needed each other's resources.

"Everything was so unexpected," John will tell you. "Hedy was so energetic. Her sense of (*Please turn to page 77*)

HEDY LAMARR'S LOWDOWN ON LOVE

By
Jerry Asher





VAN PICKS HIS "DREAM-UP GIRL"

By Alyce Canfield

DID YOU ever see a dream walking? Well, Van Johnson did. To be more specific, he saw eight of them. Together, they all form a picture in his mind of the woman he wants to marry —his "Dream-Up Girl." Which reminds us that the girl of Van Johnson's dreams is something a lot of little gals are interested in these days.

F'r instance! The other night at a sneak preview of "Two Sisters And A Sailor" the slick chicks sighed audibly and seemed to be swooning dead away when Van appeared on the screen. So there, too, Frank Sinatra!

But the bobbie socks brigade had better get their licks in, but quick, on account of—before they can say "Van Johnson!" — that selfsame young man will have his mind all made up in favor of the tempting thirties and the fascinat-

(*Please turn to page 61*)



Jan Johnson

Jan Future Industry



MORALE BOOSTERS

Presenting the Spring crop of cuties—several may be stars some day

1: HAZEL BROOKS. Green-eyed; Africa-born; former New York model; now in M-G-M's "Two Sisters And A Sailor" and "Co-Ed."

2: LINA ROMAY. Band maestro Xavier Cugat's featured vocalist. You saw her in "Stage Door Canteen"—and you whistled.

3: MARY GANLY. Blonde beauty from Brooklyn. Daughter of a steamfitter, she started her career as a dancer. Signed by M-G-M.

4: LUCILLE BREMER. Redhead from Amsterdam, N. Y. Danced with the Rockettes, and in night clubs. You'll see her in "Meet Me In St. Louis."

5: NATALIE DRAPER. Green-eyed blonde from Beverly Hills. Photographers' model and mannequin before signing up for pictures with Metro.


2


3

4

5

When Your Man







Our exclusive story is the first—and only—interview given by Ida Lupino about Captain Louis Hayward. Above, the Haywards in more carefree days. Right, closeup of the Warner Bros. star in an emotional moment from her new picture, "In Our Time."

"LAST WEEK some two to three thousand U. S. Marines, most of them now dead or wounded, gave the nation a name to stand beside the Concord Bridge, the Bonhomme Richard, the Alamo, Little Big Horn and Belleau Wood. The name was Tarawa." TIME, December 6, 1943.

That week I joined company with the women behind those men. I knew the suspense that each of those women felt, for even if they weren't sure that their men were at that location, they knew they were in the South Pacific, somewhere. And every woman who knows her man is in the South Pacific, whether he is son, husband, or sweetheart, holds her breath as the news comes through on each engagement.

I was extremely fortunate. The suspense I had to overcome was mercifully relieved because the newspapers soon carried the story of the Tarawa meeting of two Hollywood stars: my husband, Captain Louis Hayward, and Lieutenant (j.g.) Eddie Albert. Thus, I knew he was safe—for the moment. The newspaper reports indicated that Louis had given a splendid account of himself in those 72 hours—and I knew the pride which thousands of women are knowing today when the stirring accounts about their fighting men are put in black and white. My own pride was muted by the thought of the women whose men were not coming back—those men who had given magnificent accounts of themselves to the "last full measure." My compassion for them made me humble. I could not put the thought of their sacrifice from my mind. "There, but for the grace of God ——"

For the first time, knowing of his safety, I could wait patiently for word from Louis. Ten days later I received a letter from him—the first I'd had in ages. He wrote in part:

"I wish you could have seen our men going into action. I can't write about it as my powers of expression are definitely limited. I am amazed by the personal courage and great gallantry of them. Without asking a damned thing in the way of the slightest credit they went ahead and did stupendous, unbelievable things. Sometime I will try and talk about it, but my heart is too full at the moment. . . . By some strange miracle of God I was not touched except for a bullet across my helmet and a slight burn from a bomb fragment. It just scraped my nose . . . ."

I settled down to the expectancy of days, or weeks, or even months of silence—waiting. But it was only three days later, in the afternoon of a day the week before Christmas, that the phone rang. It was Louis! He was at the airport! In retrospect, it seems as though I literally leaped from the (*Please turn to page 74*)

Comes Home

By
Ida Lupino

As told to
Elizabeth Wilson



No matter who you are—housewife or movie star—you feel the same when your hero comes home to you

Photo by Longworth, Warner Bros.

Why a man named Murphy has more friends than any actor in Hollywood

YOU SHOULD KNOW GEORGE

George gets even, above, for all the teasing he took from Gloria De Haven, who played his kid sister in "Broadway Rhythm." It's a treatment, George admits, that he should use, but doesn't, on his small fry, Dennis Michael, 5.

By Maude Cheatham

FRIENDSHIP, *real* friendship, doesn't come too often in anyone's life. It's a rare experience, and it often blooms at the most unexpected moment.

One of the outstanding friendships of which Hollywood is justly proud is that which exists between dance-happy George Murphy and Carroll Tracy — Spencer's handsome brother, who is also his manager.

"It began the first day we met," explained Carroll in answer to my question. "It was about ten years ago when George, who had been dancing in Broadway's 'Roberta' and other musicals, was brought out to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn to appear with Eddie Cantor in his movie version of 'Kid Millions.'

"One morning, arriving at the Lakeside Country Club for our regular golf game, I found that Adolphe Menjou and the late Joe Penner had brought along a new chap by the name of George Murphy, and were waiting for me to tee off. Somehow in the shuffle George and I were teamed against the other two and we started off in a gay humor. He proved a good, steady player, as well as a lot of fun, and I liked him at once. Guess it was mutual, for before we left that day George and I planned another game together. That's how it began—we've just gone on from there.

"It isn't often one finds a thoroughly congenial companion, and we are congenial in every way," continued Carroll.

"We talk a great deal when we're together but there are no arguments because we usually see eye to eye on every subject. If we don't, we skip it. But we 'settle' the world's important issues, plunge into war strategies, discuss life, philosophy, and the ups and downs of careers. At times, we surprise ourselves with real eloquence. George is responsive and enthusiastic and gives a great deal to his friends. He doesn't look for faults, but gives everyone the breaks.

"He's politically minded right now, and his grasp of foreign affairs is amazing. Too, he has a solid knowledge of the home front problems. He was born on July Fourth and his feeling for the Stars and Stripes is far deeper than mere sentiment.

"I'm 'Uncle Carroll' to five-year-old Dennis Michael Murphy. He's a fine lad. Now, there's the new baby, Melissa, but we haven't progressed far in our palship, as she was only born in September. But I know I'll be proud of her in a few years for she's bound to be a little beauty.

"Sure, George and I see each other often," said Carroll. "When he's working here at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where he's been under contract for more than seven years, we have luncheon together every day. Usually in his dressing room, which is dubbed '21 Canal Street' because there's always a bunch of fellows dropping in.

"Along with Bill Grady and Trem Carr we have a gin rummy club that meets

(Please turn to page 82)

Versatile George Murphy contributes songs, dances, comedy, and romantic interest to "Broadway Rhythm," co-starring with Ginny Simms



Why Judy Garland wears Woodbury Windsor Rose

JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives a dazzling warm tone ...lends such clear, fresh beauty—and such smoothness!

Girls! The look in *his* eyes will tell you—*your* Woodbury shade will make you lovelier than ever! . . . Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . The Color Control blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, color-fresh *always* on your skin . . . makes it texture-smooth, long-clinging . . . Today, choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury Powder shades!

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



WHAT NEXT FOR ALAN LADD

By Liza

Paramount's fair-haired boy is really living the title of his new picture, "And Now Tomorrow. . . .



★ ★ ★

IT HAD been almost a year since I had talked to Alan Ladd. I'll never forget that year ago interview. In a few months' time Alan's fan mail had zoomed to 12,000 letters a week, which definitely established him as the top star on the Paramount lot. Not in salary, but in popularity. I was all set to do one of those boy-makes-good glamor stories about Alan, and spread it on thick about his swimming pool, his wardrobe full of suits, and his snappy high-powered car (none of which he had, or has). We met in a booth at Lucey's, across from the studio, and when I could drag my eyes away from Alan I noticed that Sue Carol—former movie star and now Mrs. Ladd, as everybody knows—was looking rather in the dumps. Alan had just come from the "China" set, and looked mussed, but happy.

When I described my story ideas to Alan, he smiled, and said, "I don't think we can get very far with that. You see, I enlisted today. I report to Fort MacArthur for induction in a couple of weeks." There went my story right out of Lucey's best casement window. I joined Sue in a quiet little cry.

Well, here it was a year later, and the three of us were again gathering around a table at Lucey's. Stricken by a chronic stomach complaint several months before, Alan had received an honorable medical discharge from the Army Air Corps. And he was now back at the studio co-starring with Loretta Young in the screen version of Rachel Field's "And Now Tomorrow." With the Ladds, I thought, everything must be as rosy as a Pasadena float on New Year's Day. So I launched into my story ideas again, the joys of civilian life, etc., but noticed that no one seemed particularly enthused. "Well," said Alan with his quiet smile, as soon as he could get a word in edgewise, "I don't think we can get very far with that. You see, I've been notified by my draft board that I must report for another physical examination tomorrow. I may be back in the Army in a few weeks." That's where we left off before. I seemed to be in a rut.

So what's next with Alan Ladd, at this sitting, is just about as clear as a problem in calculus. Maybe one of these fine mornings he'll receive his "Greetings" in the mail, and have to report at Fort MacArthur again for his induction. Maybe (and this you and I will like) he will continue to make pictures that hit the jackpot at the box office. Maybe in a few weeks' time he will be overseas putting on a show for the boys as near the front as the U.S.O. will allow. A month ago, long before he was told to report to his draft board again, Alan and Sue volunteered to go overseas to entertain the men in uniform. They have worked up an "act" for both of them, after which Alan, who has a remarkably fine voice, will give out with popular songs. After talking to Gary Cooper, who recently returned from a tour of the South Pacific bases with Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks, Alan was more determined to go out to the jungles than ever. And he's going, too, unless, of course, Uncle Sam wants him for a retake. "It's up to the Army to decide," says Alan, "whatever they want me to do is all right with me."

Since Alan received his honorable discharge—he was at the Santa Barbara Air Base Hospital when he received it—he has been a very restless guy. "When I was so dead tired I couldn't lift my foot after endless hours of drilling in the rain," said Alan, "I used to dream of my home in Hollywood, and think how nice it would be to stretch out in front of a fire in the living room, with nothing more serious to worry about than whether dinner would be at seven or seven-thirty." But strangely enough, when Alan came home he didn't stretch out contentedly in front of the fire, he just sort of wandered around like a lost soul. "So I suggested we go to Palm Springs," said Sue. "Palm Springs has always been Alan's favorite spot in the world, and I knew it would be a wonderful place to recuperate and get his health back. I packed our things and prepared for a two weeks' visit there. We stayed four days. And most of those four days Alan was over at the El Mirador Hotel, which has been turned into a hospital now, helping Kay Kyser put on shows for the boys who have been brought back from battlefronts overseas."

Back at home again, Alan was as restless as ever. Despite the fact that Sue gave him a *(Please turn to page 85)*







Yes, Alan is back in pictures, and everybody at Paramount is celebrating his return. Below, cute wife Sue Carol visits the set to wish Alan luck on his first day back at work; electrician Buddy Nuhn helps the star to a cup of coffee; sound engineer Earl Layman lets Alan listen in. At right, reading up: getting a gander through the lens by special permission of Daniel Fapp, director of photography on "And Now Tomorrow," and "Buzz" Boggs, camera operator; gin rummy between scenes with co-star Loretta Young while director Irving Pichel kibitzes; and autographing for visiting servicemen. Exclusive photos are first to show the big part studio technicians play in a star's day.







GAIL RUSSELL. Paramount's brilliant new starlet, featured in "The Uninvited," also plays leading rôle in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

LON McALLISTER. Final film for duration, "Home In Indiana," for 20th Century-Fox. He's 1-A in the Army, as well as in movie fans' hearts.

GLORIA DE HAVEN, whose singing and dancing score in M-G-M's "Two Sisters and a Sailor," with Jimmy Durante and Van Johnson.

SONNY TUFTS. Next seen with Paulette Goddard in Paramount's comedy, "I Love A Soldier," about a corporal and a girl welder.

SCREENLAND Salutes Francis Lederer in "Voice In The Wind"



A picture that's dramatic, that's different, is United Artists' "Voice In The Wind." It brings back to the screen Francis Lederer, a fine and sensitive actor, in a compelling rôle; it presents a tense and timely theme, imaginatively directed by Arthur Ripley (remember that name; you'll be hearing it often); and most of all it makes magnificent use of music, with an inspired score by Michel Michelet—another name to remember.





Scenes show Lederer in rôle of a Czech pianist whose persecution by the Nazis unhinges his mind. He makes his way to the isle of Guadalupe, a haven from which refugees try to get passage to the United States. Here, known as *El Hombre,* he finds an outlet for his musical genius at the piano of a waterfront saloon. "Voice In The Wind" is played in a highly tragic key with Sigrid Gurie as the girl who is reunited with her lover in death.

By Gladys Hall

LORETTA was indignant. Loretta was furious. Boiling. Mad as a hornet. *Embattled.*

Driving from her home to the studio that morning, Loretta had been stopped in traffic near a newsstand and had noticed a coverline blurbed on a current magazine. It went, she said, something like "Why Don't American Women Go To War?" Loretta's rage, inflamed by this heretical idea and focussed upon refuting it, was rare and red.

"I challenge the statement that American women haven't gone to war," she said, and vehemently, pacing the pine-panelled length of her dressing-room where we were lunching, the chiffon pennants of her gown like white flames swirling as she walked. "Look at the nurses—a woman like Nurse Galloway, as a notable example, who is used to establishing hospitals, in China, in Africa, anywhere, everywhere, and no sooner completes one tremendous job than she is taken away to begin another. Other nurses, thousands of them, inexhaustible, indomitable women, all of them, often working forty-eight hours through, without food, without sleep, under fire—and *taking* it.

"Look at the women of the Red Cross units, the girls driving ambulances, the girls dealing out coffee and doughnuts to the men at the fronts.

"Think of the WAVES, the WACS, the SPARS, and the women Marines.

"Consider the women working in the various Canteens, just about every woman I know. I've seen Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, Irene Dunne and dozens of others, often on their feet whole nights through.

"What about the women who give their blood—many of them women who already have *(Please turn to page 86)*

HOLLYWOOD WOMEN
Have Gone to War



Womanpower! You'll catch it in action here, as Loretta Young—fighting mad—challenges the critics of her sex in the war effort

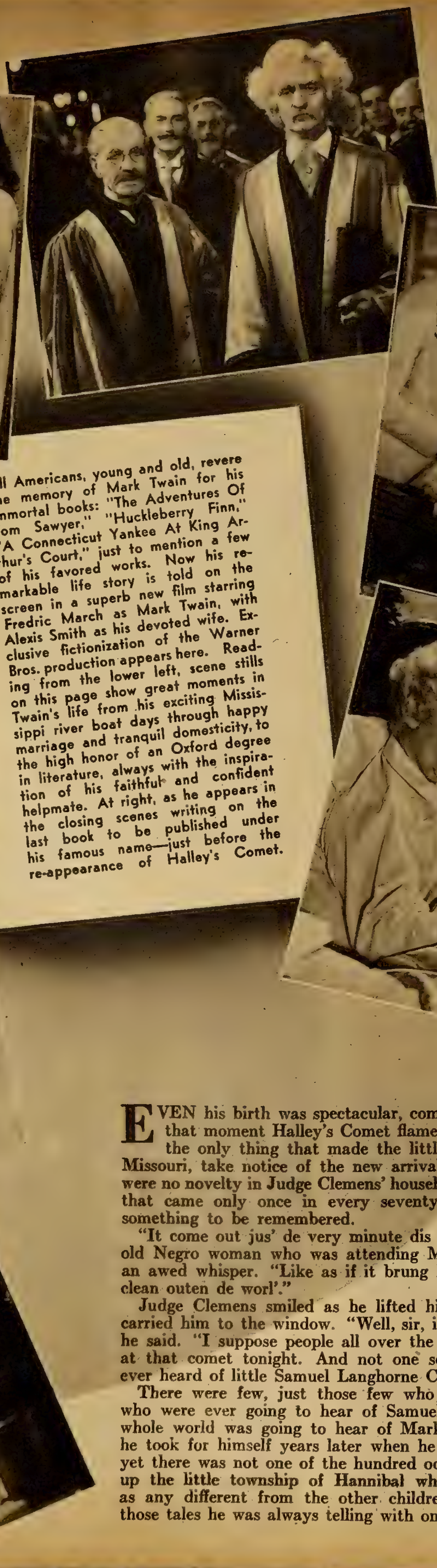
Loretta Young is starring in Walter Wanger's new Universal picture, "Ladies Courageous"—and she carries out the embattled title with this interview, in which she defends her sister Americans from their detractors. Below, Loretta (in private life Mrs. Tom Lewis) illustrates her domestic war code: cycling to market, answering the letters she receives from servicemen, dusting her own treasures.













All Americans, young and old, revere the memory of Mark Twain for his immortal books: "The Adventures Of Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "A Connecticut Yankee At King Arthur's Court," just to mention a few of his favored works. Now his remarkable life story is told on the screen in a superb new film starring Fredric March as Mark Twain, with Alexis Smith as his devoted wife. Exclusive fictionization of the Warner Bros. production appears here. Reading from the lower left, scene stills on this page show great moments in Twain's life from his exciting Mississippi river boat days through happy marriage and tranquil domesticity, to the high honor of an Oxford degree in literature, always with the inspiration of his faithful and confident helpmate. At right, as he appears in the closing scenes writing on the last book to be published under his famous name—just before the re-appearance of Halley's Comet.

EVEN his birth was spectacular, coming as it did at just that moment Halley's Comet flamed in the sky. It was the only thing that made the little town of Hannibal, Missouri, take notice of the new arrival at all, since babies were no novelty in Judge Clemens' household. But that comet that came only once in every seventy-five years made it something to be remembered.

"It come out jus' de very minute dis chile was born," the old Negro woman who was attending Mrs. Clemens said in an awed whisper. "Like as if it brung him, fum some 'eres clean outen de worl'."

Judge Clemens smiled as he lifted his youngest son and carried him to the window. "Well, sir, if this isn't a night," he said. "I suppose people all over the country are looking at that comet tonight. And not one soul of them all has ever heard of little Samuel Langhorne Clemens."

There were few, just those few who were close to him, who were ever going to hear of Samuel Clemens. But the whole world was going to hear of Mark Twain, that name he took for himself years later when he began writing. And yet there was not one of the hundred odd people who made up the little township of Hannibal who looked upon him as any different from the other children there, except for those tales he was always telling with only that gleam in his

The Adventures of MARK TWAIN

The life story of a great American, portrayed for the screen by Fredric March. A Warner Bros. masterpiece of motion picture biography



Complete cast and credits of Warner Bros.' "The Adventures Of Mark Twain" on Page 69

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

eyes to show that he was making them up even as he was telling them. There were some who said young Sam wouldn't know the truth if it came up and smacked him in the face.

Life was easier then, back in the first half of the nineteenth century, and it unfolded gently in that tiny town. There were so many things for a boy to do, 'possum hunts and fishing and playing pirates with his closest friends whose names have been forgotten now, but who will live as long as Mark Twain lives, under the names he gave them—Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

The Mississippi was more important than the seven seas and the boats that plowed up and down its long waters seemed bigger even than the ships he'd heard of that crossed the Atlantic all the way to Europe. So it wasn't any wonder that when the boy grew up he left his older brother's print shop to seek new adventures piloting one of the river boats.

"The Queen Of Dixie," the boat was called, and young Sam was very proud of her. It was all the world he wanted, up and down that river, and he knew every inch of it, every shoal, every hidden reef, every bend in its broad stream. And the river words were the most beautiful he had ever heard, and the most beautiful of them all was mark twain, the call that meant safe water, after nights of storm and fog. The river was his world, the only world he wanted. Let the others listen to the far-off sounds of the west, of California and Carson City and the Santé Fe trail, of gold and silver—the river was enough for him. When Steve Gillis, a passenger who had just come from the west, showed him the rock sample he'd brought along and tried to interest Sam in going back with him, Sam only laughed. (*Please turn to page* 68)

By Liza



Bill Eythe (pronounced like ice-with-a-lisp) is not only a hit as an actor in "The Eve Of St. Mark," he's already one of Hollywood's favorite people. You'll see why when you read this colorful story of him





William Eythe wishes all girls were like Anne Baxter, shown with him above. Baxter-Eythe team scores in "The Eve Of St. Mark."

Hi, Eythe!

THAT peculiar thump-thump noise you hear out on Pico and Olympic Boulevards isn't a secret weapon. It isn't Betty Hutton, either. It's the executives at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios slapping each other on the back. They're pleased as punch, a good punch laced with vintage champagne, because they have William Eythe on a long-term contract. And for that they have Ruth Chatterton and Mrs. Carl S. Eythe to thank. Those two ladies, both possessing a grand sense of humor, made an actor out of William.

In the summer of 1941 Bill was sort of floundering around on the East Coast. He was fresh out of Carnegie Tech and he wasn't sure whether he wanted to be an actor or a writer, or just skip the preliminaries and be a producer. You need funds to be a producer, and Bill was also fresh out of funds. Someone told him that Ruth Chatterton was looking for a juvenile for "Caprice," which play she was taking on a tour of Canada. Bill, who had played what actors laughingly call the Borscht Circuit (small resorts where audiences aren't critical so long as the actors dance with them later), managed to wangle an interview with Miss Chatterton. He had great admiration for her as an actress—she was a professional and "belonged"—and when she entered the room he was scared to death. The pimple on his nose popped out, and he almost lost his voice. Completely awed by meeting so famous an actress he stumbled awkwardly through the interview. It was quickly over. The atmosphere was decidedly nippy. Miss Chatterton gave him a cold dismissal smile, and Bill, grabbing his hat and upsetting an ashtray, beamed sickly at her and stammered, "Goodbye, Miss Chatterton. I've been delightful."

Ruth Chatterton fairly choked (*Please turn to page 63*)

THE MERRY *Bennys*

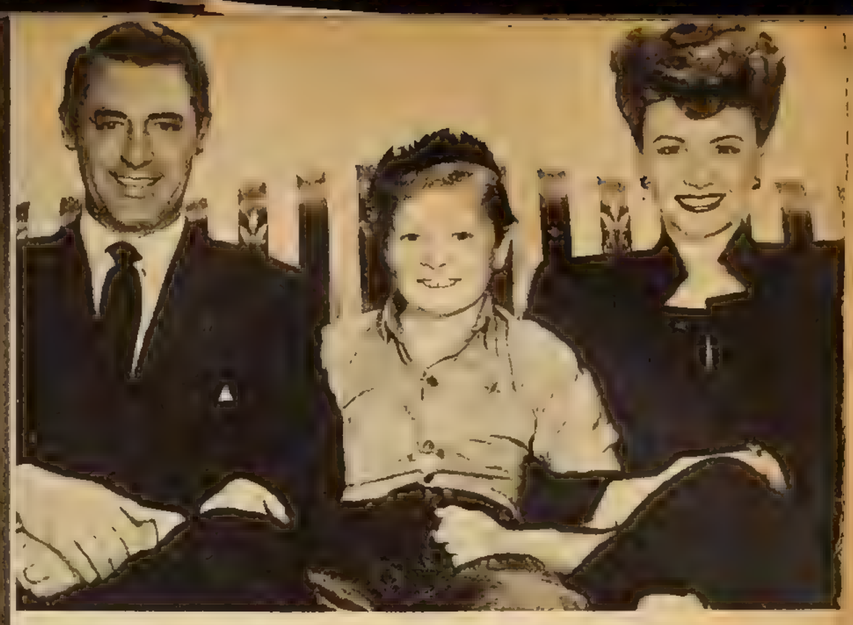


We never do this, really. First place, I can't play the piano. Second place, the way Jack plays the violin he doesn't need to practice. "Oh, Doll, who'd care?" said Jack. So we took the picture.



By MARY LIVINGSTONE BENNY







"Curly" GRANT and Company

In Columbia's new comedy fantasy, Cary Grant plays the promoter of a dancing caterpillar (we said it was fantastic!) while Janet Blair is seen as a chorus girl. Young Ted Donaldson, shown with co-stars at top right, has important rôle. He plays the "discoverer" of talented worm.

A new Bergman? Casual in slacks, she chats with Joe Cotten and Charles Boyer, between her scenes in "Gaslight"; then, in costume, relaxes with co-stars, waiting to be called before cameras.

CAN THIS BE *Bergman!*

Ingrid, usually dignified and aloof, goes gay and gracious between scenes of new film







For the first time in his career, Boyer plays a villain. "It is refreshing to play a villain," says Boyer, "but it is unfortunate that my victim should be anyone as charming as Ingrid."

Charles the elegant, the debonair, plays the meanest man of the year in M-G-M's "Gaslight"

M-G-M photos

CAN THIS BE *Boyer?*



Eddie Bracken, making with the mugging, with 15-year-old Diana Lynn his victim, gives a horrible example of acting at its worst. His pupil, not lacking in composure, seems unimpressed. Kids are appearing in Preston Sturges' "Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

Like all comedians Eddie wants to play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Here he is demonstrating all-out emotion while Diana wonders why she ever decided to become an actress.

Eddie Bracken seizes the opportunity to instruct newcomer Diana Lynn in the art of dramatic acting. As a coach, Eddie makesavery good comic

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CONSTANCE MOORE

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Screen play by
Joseph Quillen & Dorothy Bennett

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Exclusive photos by Roman Freulich, Universal Pictures.

Avenida Beery

Hacienda Del Rliso Largo

NEW HOMESPUN HERO

Heir of a famous acting clan, Noah Beery, Jr., comes into his own

By May Mann



Son of Noah, Sr., and nephew of Wally, young "Pidge" Beery is doing all right these days! Above, lounging against the adobe wall of the San Fernando Valley house he helped build. Left, from the Beery family album, Noah, Jr., at ten. Below, with his father.



IN PHYSIQUE, contour of head and profile, Noah "Pidge" Beery, Jr., little resembles a sweater lad or a glamor boy. Yet he deftly walked off with the one girl in "Gung Ho!" (Grace McDonald) and left such seasoned heroes as Randy Scott and Alan Curtis empty-armed.

If you think Frankie Sinatra has a corner on this year's stutter-and-stammer sisters, consider Pidge. He's in. You can hear fluttering signs from the swooning aggregation when he appears on the screen.

It isn't that he's handsome, but his inimitable homespun manner, that asserts sincerity of purpose rather than Commando tactics, makes you glad he gets the girl. He was so swell, such a nice guy through the picture, he'd never double-cross anyone. Honesty shines on his face. He's so unlike a Hollywood actor that he seems like the boy next door.

"I hardly thought I was good looking enough to be a leading man," Pidge said over lunch at Universal. "I was always just the brother of the hero or the heroine, or I was teamed with a horse or a dog. That was easy compared with what I had to do the other day," he chuckled.

Innately shy, Pidge swallowed before proceeding. "For the final closeup in 'Gung Ho!' I have to kiss Grace McDonald in front of workers at an aircraft plant. It was noon, and everyone gathered below to watch. Everytime I kissed Grace,







Exclusive photos of the young Beerys at home, above and right, present their pretty daughter, nicknamed Muffet. Above center, Noah Beery, Jr., in a scene from "Weekend Pass," in which he co-stars with Martha O'Driscoll, shown with him at far right.

2,000 people applauded! I had to do the kissing scene over four times. Beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead and melted right down on Miss McDonald's makeup. Whew—what a spot!"

The week before, Maxine (Mrs. Pidge Beery) was telling about the scene. "I looked at Pidge's script, and read: The boy grabs the girl and bends her back à la Gable. 'Say,' I said, 'this sounds like SOME scene! Come, let's see you do it. Practice on me!' Well, you know how bashful Pidge is. He took the script and put it away and said, 'Did that load of hay come up today for the horses?'"

There was a time when the third Beery on the screen was cited as the future successor of his father, Noah, Sr., or his Uncle Wally. But Pidge has diverged from the course set by the other sons of famous stars. He hasn't followed in the parental pattern like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who essayed the adventuresome rôles of Doug, Sr.; nor Lon Chaney, Jr., who perpetrates characterizations not unlike his father, the late Lon Chaney; nor Tyrone Power, who plays romantic leads like Ty, Sr. Pidge stands on his own two feet. When you see him in "Weekend Pass" with Martha O'Driscoll, you'll see an average young American, playing himself.

Movie stardom fits Pidge with the nonchalance and comfort of an old coat. Perhaps it is because he was born into show business. He was touring one-night stands with his parents when he was but a few months old. His dad had been a chorus boy on Broadway and had obtained a job for his younger brother, Wally, at $25 a week singing and hoofing. Show business was great to these sons of a Kansas City policeman. And when Pidge came along, they said, "He'll carry on some day."

He was nicknamed Pidge by Josephine Cohan, sister of George M. Cohan, "He looks like a pert little brown-eyed pidgeon," she said as she (*Please turn to page 84*)







If you saw Dolores Moran in "Old Acquaintance" you'll want to see more of this lovely blonde. A California girl, Dolores was chosen queen of the state fair at Sacramento at the age of 15, in 1941 (above). Top left, reading down, a sweet little girl grows up, her sister Marjorie and her proud father.







Dolores Moran's photo life story—so far!



Dolores and her pretty, youthful mother at their favorite crawfishing spot. Top, right, a sweater for some lucky soldier.

"Pin-Up's" Progress



"See Here, Private Hargrove"—your best girl, Donna Reed, is ready for the new season with gay, colorful clothes

The first Spring flowers bloom on a beautifully simple black crepe dress worn by Donna, at left. Note the very new, very short dolman sleeves. Miss Reed's hat is a huge cartwheel of black Summer felt. Above, heavenly blue crepe dress with clusters of field flowers in pastel colors. Gowns by Jean Carol. Hats by John-Frederics.





Salute to Spring

This Spring's version of the short dinner dress is the printed one, topped by a sheer marquisette yoke with the new cap sleeves—worn above by Donna Reed. The print is sheer black crepe strewn with yellow pompons. The fold on the bodice, where it joins the yoke, is finished with a soft bow, matching the bow on the belt.

Though the short dinner dress vogue is sweeping the country, the long gown will be favored by many smart women, especially for entertaining at home. This gay, summery one above is of white rayon jersey, printed with red poppies. Modeled by Donna Reed, heroine in M-G-M's "See Here, Private Hargrove."



HERE'S

ROMANTIC camouflage by Deanna Durbin has the neatest gossips up a tree. When she and Vaughan Paul split up, chatterers said the reason was tall, lean and handsome; perfect for the rôle only he had a wife.

Then Deanna showed marked preference for her producer, Felix Jackson. Gossips swore the Jacksons were divorcing. So Deanna began to be conspicuously affectionate with Dean Harens, who will appear in her next picture.

Left, Joan Leslie and Bob Hope rehearse for "Command Performance" air show; Frank Sinatra and Dorothy Lamour at Lakeside Golf Club's Fourth War Bond Rally. Bing Crosby, circle, is seen in a tense play at Lakeside's Rally.





HOLLYWOOD

Maybe she took a leaf from Bette Davis' book. Remember the time gossips rumored romance for Bette whenever she appeared with a new man when her husband was out of town? Bette ended it by appearing at a premiere with 15 escorts. P.S. She wore fifteen orchids. That dood it!

OH! OH! Such to-do at Paramount about that impending visit of the stork to Risé Stevens. The tall bird raises more cain in movieland today than the draft. Risé was scheduled to do all the musical rôles which normally would have fallen to Mary Martin. "The Count Of Luxembourg" was one. Now Risé's off the pay-roll and the studio execs have that dazed look which comes when the stork settles on the lot chimney.

DON'T be surprised department: If Carole Landis and Capt. William Wallace split up in spite of loud present denials.

If Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes merge again, after years of separation and other marriages.

If Veronica Lake and Jean Negulesco make it Mr. and Mrs. as soon as it's legally possible.

If Trudy Marshall goes after that w.k. decree from Lee Lindsay of New York from whom she's been separated some time.





Gossip by Weston East

Candids by Jean Duval

Right, reading from top to bottom, twosomes at the Clover Club—Deanna Durbin and her new leading man in "Christmas Holiday," Dean Harens; Lana Turner and her husband, Stephen Crane; at Warner Brothers' dinner for Army, Navy, Civic, and Industrial leaders—Joan Crawford and her husband Phillip Terry, with Jack Benny; Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, fond newlyweds.



"Battle Of The Baritones," one of the "Command Performance" air shows for servicemen, brings forth topnotch singers Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby, seen rehearsing here. Below, Craig Stevens, honorably discharged from the Army, best girl Alexis Smith, Fay Emerson and Bob Anderson step out for fun.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S basso profundo and bored half-mast eyes have been a pain in the neck to Hollywood directors since all the little starlets —and some of the big ones—are copying her. They've dropped their voices to husky key, low-swing their eyelids and look bored to death before the camera.

ILONA MASSEY'S Brazil-ionaire has hung her with soo-oo-ooo many diamonds she looks like the sun shining on a Yukon break-up.

BEST STORY of the month: Irving Hoffman's tale about Georgie Jessel. It seems trigger-quick Jessel was asked to speak at a big dinner. The toastmaster rose and said: "Here is a remarkable man; you only have to give him a dinner and a speech comes out."

Jessel stood up: "There's nothing slow about your toastmaster either," he said. "Give him a speech and your dinner comes out."

JACK TOPPING'S trip west has nothing to do with seeing the scenery. The only scenery he can see is starlet Martha Montgomery.

KATE SMITH is one girl who ain't bothered about reducing. She's one of the familiar figures at Farmers' Market, crooning over the pies and cakes. And she goes away heavily laden, what's more.

WAR AND LOVE simplify everything: so Eddie Lowe and Lady Furness stroll from counter to counter in one of Beverly Hills' smart shops, hand in hand. Lady Furness has gone off glamor lists of late; wears a wool wrap-around turban like any local housewife.

JACKIE PALEY, brunette, beautiful, eighteen, and daughter of radioman Jay Paley whose fortune is over the $5,000,000.00 mark at a conservative estimate, goes into pictures at a $75.00 a week salary. Says, "It's fun." Better watch for Miss Paley; she'll go places.

BEVERLY HILLS' swankest shop votes Ingrid Bergman most gracious, charming and human of all the movie girls. That's a popularity poll anyone might envy.

The Women's Press Club voted Joan Fontaine the least co-operative of all Hollywood stars the day they gave an all-out vote to Carole Landis for the most cooperative one.

AS THIS goes to press Gregory Peck will be wowing them in Casey Robinson's "Days Of Glory." He's bowled Hollywood moviemen over. They feel they have a second Cary Grant-Gary Cooper all rolled into one. He is signed for 12 pictures already — they'll cost about $18,000,000.00.











The bobby-socked bunch are dithering over Peck but he's very much in love with his tiny blonde Finnish wife, Greta. Courted her while they both worked with Katharine Cornell. Peck was a hit on Broadway in "The Morning Star." Is a typical Westerner, born at La Jolla and studied pre-medical at University of California, Berkeley.

ENTRYWAY to Sunset Tower was knee-deep in red roses. Sinatra fans got credit for the demonstration.

What really happened: a bride and groom have a front apartment. Groom arrived home one night to find his drawing-room a mass of red roses, sent by an enthusiastic ex-boy friend of the bride. He heaved the roses through the nearest

Clockwise around page: Jack Benny, Judy Garland and Sgt. "Skinnay" Ennis vocalizing on "Command Performance" air show; Alan Ladd, Hedy Lamarr and husband John Loder before the broadcast of "Casablanca"; servicemen surprise Joan Leslie with a huge birthday cake at Hollywood Canteen, (left to right: Pvt. Claude W. Wall, S 2/c Fred H. Hein, Pvt. Walter V. Armstrong, Sgt. Ronald W. Carnahan, M 2/c William A. Woolson, Pvt. John H. McCurdy;) Marilyn Maxwell and Kay Kyser at Florentine Gardens; Paulette Goddard in a Mexican "Reboza" headgear, with William Powell on the Screen Guild broadcast; Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby rehearse for overseas radio service show.







Reading clockwise: Ann Sheridan, center of attraction at the Mocambo; Ella Raines and Alan Curtis, also at the Mocambo; Jack Carson and wife Kay St. Germain at Warner Brothers' dinner for Army, Navy, Civic and Industrial leaders; Teresa Wright and William Powell between acts of Screen Guild radio show; ex-model and pin-up gal Chili Williams and Helmut Dantine pose together at the Clover Club. No romance here, just that Chili is new girl in town.

window. And The Voice took the bows.

K. T. STEVENS visited the "Ladies Of Washington" set one morning to chat with Ronald Graham, 20th's new singing star, late of Broadway.

A dozen or more cuties who are getting camera breaks in this one circled the pair, then gathered in a knot to pass judgment on the glamorous mink-hung Kaytee.

Verdict: She has Park Avenue manner, an unusual personality, no rival for real beauts of the Hedy Lamarr type but could give Hepburn a run for her money.

Then they say cuties are dumb!

SOMETHING to that stunt of Paulette Goddard's and Carmen Miranda's. They sew their earrings onto headbands or hats to take the strain off the ears.

POLL among Hollywood actors and writers would certainly get Cary Grant an Academy Award. They think he is the best all-round actor, carries the most convincing sense of romance, and goes over with men and women alike. One star said: "I think he should get an Oscar for sex-appeal."

NEW TWOSOMES in a flirty town: Eulelah Griffiths and Eddie Albert. Simone Simon and movieman Phil Jordan. Lili Damita and Lieut. Terry Klyne and *how!* Judy Garland and Bob Stack. Jane Withers and Leonard Sues. Ava Gardner and Robbie Robinson.

AN ORCHID sets the boy friend back twenty bucks in wartime Hollywood, if it's one of those monster pure-white ones the stars prefer. Flowers used to be cheap out here, now are up beyond New York prices. It's the war.

PRETTY NICE what happened to C.P.O. Phil Reed. He was one of 12 men from an entire base commended by his commanding officer for "loyal and unfailing devotion to duty in taking an advanced naval base."



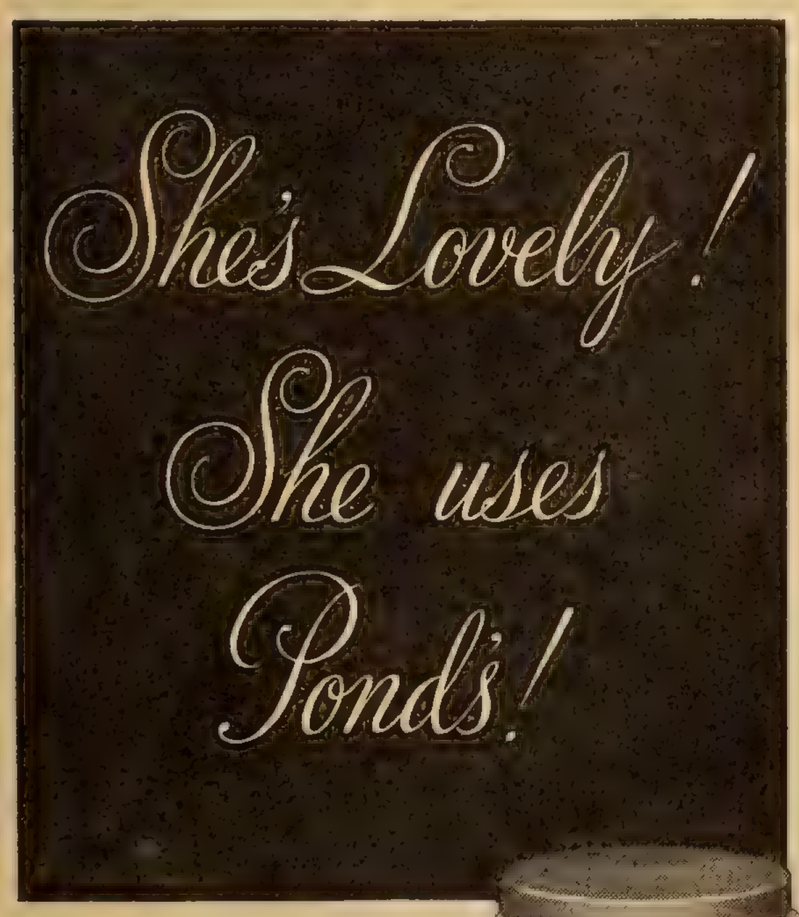
Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.



ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse *you* would be given *free training*, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.



ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
Save glass and man-power! And it's so *quick* to dip finger tips of both hands into the lovely wide jar!

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"*I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always.*" Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft* and *clean*."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

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* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big* jar of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's, too!



Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

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JUMPER—Trim, gorgeously tailored! Darling Velveteen collar in the beloved "Chesterfield" manner! Smart narrow revers—inverted pleat for skirt freedom. Fitted waistband really slenderizes! Beautiful, crush-resistant rayon **"BETTE".** Sizes 10 to 20. **$7.98** plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long, full sleeves! A rich rayon fabric. White only. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98,** plus postage.

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Navy ☐ Red ☐ Grey ☐ Green ☐ Brown ☐
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(Please print name, etc. plainly)
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"Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 8."

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Beauty and grooming suggestions to bring added charm and sparkle to your appearance



Hampden Cream Rouge in stick form, a choice makeup item for purse and dressing table.

A DEFT touch of color on the cheeks brings a fresh touch of color to the face and aids in highlighting the eyes. A product which makes the application of rouge a simple affair is Hampden's Cream Rouge. It's a compact stick, shaped to smooth easily and readily on the cheeks. It comes in three shades, bright, light and dark. It has a companion piece, Hampden's Powder Base in complexion shades. This item is waterproof and non-greasy.

TO perk up your Spring suit, cotton pique dress or nonchalant beret, there's the new On Guard Sword pin with your name written out in a dramatic fashion. Because of the design and its being executed in a gold finish, it is a scintillating accessory.

HERE'S something new for those rough, hard-worked hands which are in the majority these days. It's Woodbury's Hand Cream, formulated by skin scientists expressly to counteract the roughening effects of heavy work, and it is made for use both before and after. Used before contact with grease, grime, paint, oil and harsh soaps it helps to protect against loss of softness and smoothness. Used after, it's a good assurance that the hands can look beautifully pampered regardless of the tasks being done.

SPEEDING up and short cuts in doing things is paramount in our lives these days. Now comes Overglo by Westmore which can be applied quickly to provide a nice finish to the skin. It's a liquid cream foundation in six different shades, one of which will complement your coloring. Overglo comes in an attractive glass bottle and it is said that its contents lasts six months. For application you simply shake the bottle well, remove the cap, and turn upside down upon a forefinger. The residue is the amount necessary for entirely covering the face.

REVLON, noted for its lovely rose shades, is featuring a group of rose colors: Mrs. Miniver, Hot Hot, Rosy Future, and a rose by another name, Bright Forecast. Assembled in an engaging package will be nail enamel, lipstick, adheron and "wind-milled" face powder, all the essentials for fingertips, lips and complexion.



On Guard, a piece of jewelry to give personalized touch to one's clothes or purse.



Nestled in new Revlon Tournament of Roses package are all nail beauty requisites.

"Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 8."

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor...less irritation...America's FINEST Cigarette!

Van Johnson Picks His "Dream-Up Girl"

Continued from page 22

ing forties. Because . . . *"I like older women!" says Van Johnson.* Just to be difficult, no doubt!

Of course, from where he sits on the fifty-yard line between twenty and thirty, *older* doesn't have to be interpreted as *much* older. Perhaps just the ripe old age of twenty-seven or so. Still and all, young and dashing Van, as frank as a younger brother and as honest as the bathroom mirror, must have a reason.

"Why?" I asked. For this I gotta hear!

"Whenever I hear of a star marrying someone who is younger than she is, I never wonder why HE married her, I wonder why SHE married *him!* That's my point of view."

Tall, tantalizing and terrific, Van Johnson relaxed his six feet two in the easy chair across the room, looked out the window with his eyes of blue, ran a careless hand through his red hair, and thought a moment before he went on.

"I like older women, I guess, because they look so young and lovely—just as when they were twenty-five, but they've used their few additional years to great advantage. They've attained a mental and spiritual growth that is satisfying. They're not scatter-brained. They're more settled. When I marry, it will probably be to someone older than I am.

"A woman doesn't begin to reveal the depth and charm and wonder of herself until she has grown *inside,* and it is fairly rare to find this sort of development in anyone under thirty. Some women are different. Judy Garland, for instance, is a rare exception, and so is Lana Turner, but this is because they have had mature responsibilities long before the average girl of their age has finished school."

"Do you have an ideal girl?" I asked.

"I've a lot of them," grinned Van. "I get crushes on the girls I work with in pictures and those I meet at parties. But, before I ever came to Hollywood, there was one star who was my favorite person —Irene Dunne.

"I used to watch her pictures and wonder if she could possibly be as grand in person as she was on the screen. When I came to Hollywood and got to know her, I found out she was even finer. During the filming of 'A Guy Named Joe,' I had my accident, you know. I was in the hospital a long time. She was grand to me.

"I think she does the industry great credit. If ever this town sends out a goodwill ambassador, it should be Irene. She's representative of Hollywood at its best. In addition to her poise, humor, diplomacy and *kindness*, she's a great lady.

"You can't leave out Greer Garson when you speak of ideals. She's so beautiful! But, more than that, she has a really brilliant mind and a scintillating personality. She sparkles when she talks. And, incidentally, she has the most beautiful teeth and hair I have ever seen. You don't have to talk with her five minutes to know she is generous and womanly. Generous in thought and generous in deed."

I grinned at Van. "Doesn't sex ever rear its ugly head?" I teased.

He grinned back amiably. "Well, for sex appeal, I think Lana Turner has what it takes. The other night at a party the Gary Coopers gave, she and Steve came in after most of the guests had arrived. It was a big party celebrating Gary's return from the high seas, and most of Hollywood's topnotch beauties were present. But when Lana came in, dressed in a chalk white dinner dress, there was a hush. I have never seen anyone so beautiful.

"Since Lana is a thoroughly nice person and doesn't have a mean thought in her, women sense this and are not jealous of her beauty. And men, well, men just wish there were a whole lot more like her. She has a provocative come-hither look of which she isn't even conscious. She's the kind of a girl you'd like to get stranded on a desert island with!"

Van has dated lovely Judy Garland, so it is obvious that she must have some of the qualities of his Dream-Up Girl. "What I love about Judy Garland," says Van, "is her sympathetic nature. I have the weight of the world on my shoulders. I'm a great worrier. I'm unhappy about the war and wish I could be in it. Judy is a wonderful listener, and something pours out of her eyes that is so warm and human that it makes her easy to talk to. She is a very real and genuine

person. And then she's fun and a wonderful dancer, just about any boy's dream of a wonderful date!"

Van goes into raves over Bette Davis because she has depth to her work. "She's a genius," says Van, with a certain wistfulness, "and she must be wonderful to work with. Think of what you could learn working with a great actress like Bette!"

"Who else would you like to do a picture with?" I asked.

"Well, Claudette Colbert is a great artist, too. She has *heart,* and it shows through in every word she speaks. I love her voice. Also, she has something every woman would do well to copy—her walk She walks like a queen. On top of all this, I think she has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen."

"Any more luscious lovelies you are partial to, Van?"

"Well, I like Betty Grable's love of laughter, her complete and wonderful honesty. I like Ann Sheridan for being herself always. I like Ann Rutherford and Diana Lewis because in spite of their youth, they are mature in the ways that count. Beauty isn't important. Intelligence and character are the thing."

Now, Van! Pardon us while we smile (oh, but ever so slightly!) because by just the oddest of coincidences all of the women who together c o m p o s e your Dream-Up Girl are startlingly beautiful!

But why this girl of his *dreams?* Why not a real sweetheart? Well, he had his ideal girl once, and he lost her. She was the girl who lived next door. They were childhood sweethearts. Van can't remember when it all began. "I guess I was born in love with her," he says.

When they were five, they were making mud pies together. Later he carried her books to school. He went to her house and they made fudge and lemonade. In high school, he saved his allowance for fifty cent sprees at the corner drug store. They were both first in their classes, equally popular. They were the ones who got the most Valentines and the most Christmas cards. They were inseparable, and people got to thinking of them as the ideal couple. All of the people, including Van.

Her name was Christine. She was tall, blonde and beautiful. She was immaculate and well groomed. At every school dance, he was so proud of her that he could hardly bear it. And it simply never occurred to him there would be a time when they would not be together.

"Then I really got hurt," says Van with a wry smile. "A slightly older man came along. Naturally I hated the guy. Hated the fact that he had a job and was established and could take care of her. She didn't tell me how serious it was at first. But I can't stand to play love games. I had to know, so she told me. A few weeks later they married."

Van doesn't smile any too gaily about it even now. It is not one of those flippantly told episodes he laughs about. At the time he was so broken up that he left home. Now he's almost glad it happened because he might have stayed in Newport, Rhode Island, f o r e v e r and never tried his luck at acting.

Almost glad. B e c a u s e in his secret heart he still remembers. Not that today he is carrying a torch in both hands. Not that. It's just that he still remembers what it can be like to be burningly and wholeheartedly in love.

He can remember the torn way you feel inside when life smashes around you. He understands the heartache of jealousy. He remembers the ecstasy, too. And because he knows what the real thing can be like, he'll accept no substitutes. For he believes it will come again. When it does, it will be wonderful and thrilling. He's looking for a love that will tear him apart and leave him shaken. Story book stuff. Until he finds it, he'll string along with his memories. He's tasted cake, and bread will not do.

That's why every date is more than a date. He's always thinking: *"Maybe this will be IT!"* Every introduction is exciting. Every invitation to a social affair is also an invitation to romance. Who knows? *She* may be there—the girl of his dreams. Idealist, this Van Johnson.

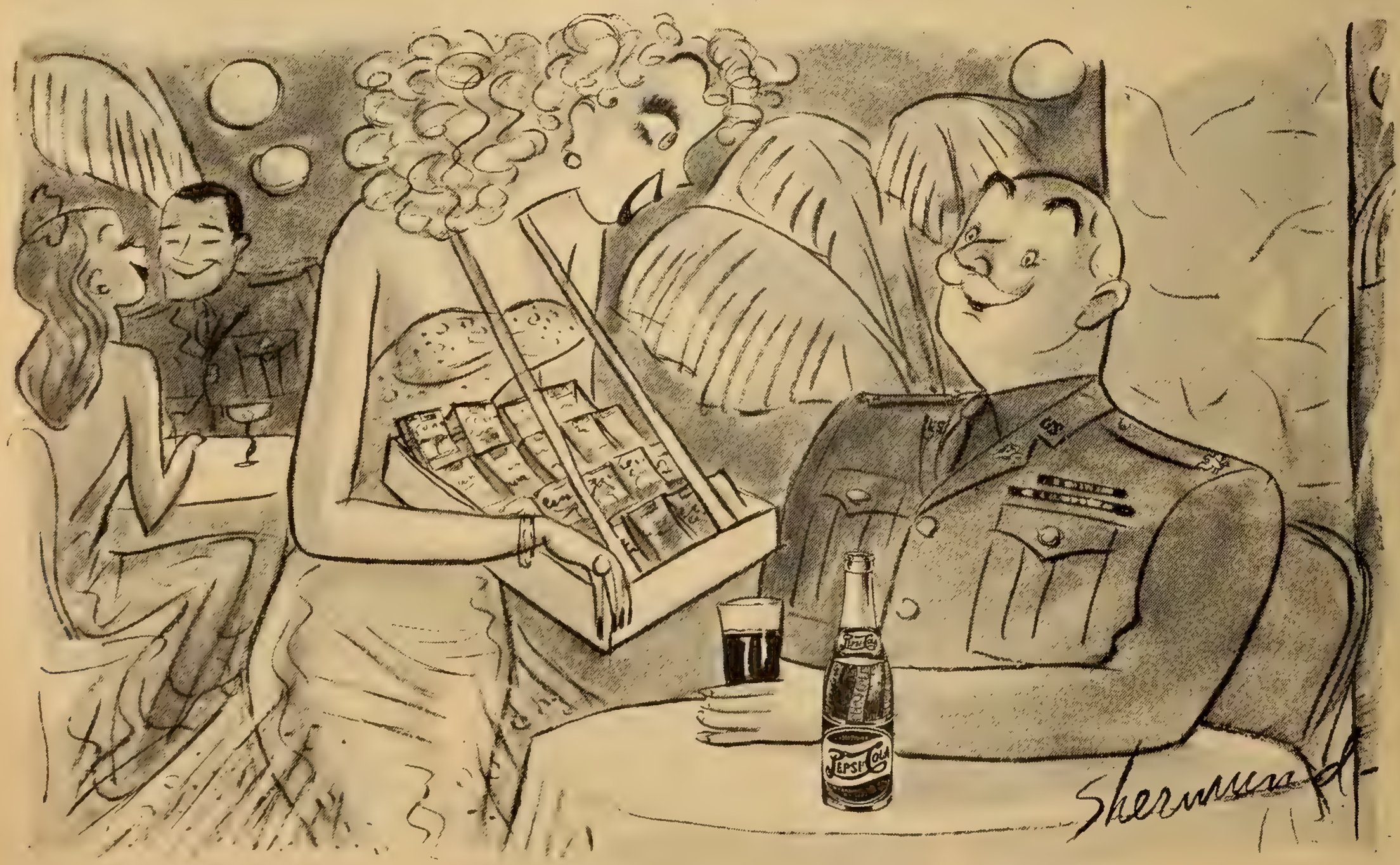
For Van says it will happen this way:

He'll wake up one morning, and it will just be another day. And then, somehow, somewhere, he'll meet her. He'll be really bowled over.

For when he finally sees his Dream-Up Girl, he will have a look in his eyes so vibrant and tender and alive, a look so expectant and filled with stardust and moon-lightning that when t h e i r eyes meet, their glances will lock. And whether she's tall or short, thin or fat, young or mature will make no difference.

He probably won't even know the color of her hair—until after the honeymoon!

ADVERTISEMENT



". . . Eagles on the shoulders. Pepsi-Cola on the table—an officer and a gentleman if I ever seen one."

Hi, Eythe!

Continued from page 39

with laughter. When she was able to speak again she said, "Eythe, you're for me! Rehearsal tomorrow." Bill learned more about the technique of acting on that tour than he ever thought existed. Miss Chatterton was always helpful. When the tour was over she phoned her friend Jane Cowl in New York and praised Bill to the skies. Miss Cowl arranged for him to meet Oscar Serlin who promptly put him into "The King's Maid" with Margo. The play flopped on the road—but it eventually lead to Serlin's production of "The Moon Is Down." As *Lieutenant Tonder*, Bill was a great hit in his first Broadway play, and was snatched up pretty quickly by the bright boys at Twentieth Century-Fox. Ruth Chatterton still writes Bill, and still calls him "Delightful Eythe."

But it was Bill's mother who literally pushed him on the stage. Bill was brought up in Mars, Pennsylvania, a small town of some 1,200 souls. He was born there, April 7, 1918. "I'm Aries," he says. "Aries people are lucky." His father was a contractor, and his mother was a lady of great vitality. On Saturday afternoons when his older brother Howard ("Dutch") Eythe played football on the Mars athletic field, Mother was right there to cheer him on. When with the ball tucked neatly under his arm he would charge toward the opposing team's goal posts, she would shout frantically, "Do it for your mother, Dutch, do it for your mother!" Dutch later on won All-American honors as a Carnegie Tech halfback.

Young William John Joseph wasn't exactly the athletic type, but Mother had ideas about him too. "For nine years," says Bill, "I lived a perfectly normal life. Then this business of acting showed up. I fought against it, but I finally did it to please Mother." Seems that Bill's class was going to do a presentation of "Peter Rabbit," and Bill was chosen for the lead. "It was not a rôle I wanted to play," says Bill grimly, "but Mother was determined. She made me a Peter Rabbit suit, complete with cotton tail, and shoved me on the stage. The night of the play the auditorium was packed with fond mamas and papas. I regret to say that my pants split at a most inopportune moment, my cotton tail fell off, and a large part of my anatomy was exposed to the snickering audience. Mother fainted. Father shook his head and swore out loud that he'd make a house painter of me. Miss Lulu Kaiser, my teacher, was the only one kind enough to come to my rescue. She modestly sewed me up, and pinned my tail back on. A kind, remarkable woman. Mother received a letter from her only a few days ago in which she said she had seen me in 'The Song Of Bernadette.' 'You know, Katie,' she wrote, 'our William always did have imagination.'"

That he has. Imagination plus. It's one of the reasons people like him so much. Everyone on the studio lot is crazy about him. When life is its drabbest and dullest, and life can be both drab and dull in a publicity department,

"this One Complete Cream is all you need"



Marjorie Reynolds
featured in
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
a Paramount Picture

SO LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does *everything* for skin beauty.

See it make your skin lovelier, lovable! Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream gives complete care: *Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Gives a velvet finish for powder. Acts as a night cream. Helps smooth away dryness and tiny dry-skin lines.*

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra-beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, works constantly in the jar to purify the cream, helping guard against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar *today*. 10¢ to $1.25.

EVERY NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Nap: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.



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FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—*DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!*



Keep your date, with poise!

Meet him, proud that you look utterly lovable... from the sparkle in your eyes to the unspoken invitation on your lips. ☆ Confident, too, that your lips will *keep* looking lovely—with no time out for frequent retouching. For, used as directed, Don Juan—the million dollar lipstick—*stays on* hours longer. ☆ Today, discover Don Juan's four beauty extras (they're listed below).



new million dollar DON JUAN Lipstick stays on

BEAUTY QUIZ: Quiz yourself—does the lipstick you're using give you *all* these four beauty extras? Try the lipstick that *does*—try the new Don Juan Lipstick . . now.

1 DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON when you eat, drink or kiss . . if used as directed.

2 LIPS LOOK LOVELY without frequent retouching. No greasy, "hard" appearance.

3 NOT DRYING or SMEARY. No ragged lips. Creamy smooth, easily applied—imparts appealing, soft "glamor" look.

4 STYLE SHADES. Try new Military Red—a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Or Hostess Red—smart with furs and for evening. Five other alluring shades.

Over 7,000,000 sold. De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Matching powder and rouge. Prices plus tax. At department stores, druggists, beauty parlors. Trial sizes at 10c stores.

Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

Bill can always be counted on to entertain. His stories are gay and colorful and amusing. When he's encouraged, and he's always encouraged, he'll give an impersonation of a night club singer he once knew, "all gussied up, sleek form-fitting satin dress cut down to here, caved in cheeks," singing "Everybody Has a Guy But I." This cheers up the publicity department so much that they forget that actors bore them really.

During the past year Bill has also become a favorite escort with the Hollywood girls. His easy, pleasant manner and high good spirits have made him very much in demand at Hollywood dinner parties. Right now Anne Baxter, with whom he co-stars in "The Eve of St. Mark," has the inside track to his heart. When you ask him about girls he comes right out with a frank, "I like Anne Baxter. She's both smart and intelligent. And she has a wonderful sense of humor. About herself. And about life, too. There's quite a bit of the pixie about Anne. I'm always teasing her about living under a toadstool. We didn't like each other when we first met. I thought she was a snob and badly spoiled, and much too young to rate the success she has had. And she thought I was too tense about everything, including acting. We were allergic to each other for months.

"But the first day we worked together on 'The Eve Of St. Mark' she was wonderful to me. I had expected her to be cold and stand-offish, but she was kind and considerate. I was so nervous I was biting my nails. And literally a button popped off my shirt when I had to kiss her. During the afternoon she invited me in her dressing room on the set and we had coffee, and we got to talking and—well, I think Anne's swell. I wish all girls were like Anne Baxter."

William, who is the life of a party at a party, on the set is a deadly serious young man. Which, after all, is the way it should be. "On the set," says Bill sadly, "people accuse me of being a dull pigeon. I am. My training was such in stock that I have a frightening awe of the theater. I have a tremendous respect for acting. And I still can't think of myself as an actor. I certainly envy those players who can laugh and toss it off lightly when they blow up in their lines and hold up production. When I blow a line it's a major tragedy. I think of all the money I'm costing the studio. I suffer."

Before Oscar Serlin gave him a Christmas present of "The Moon Is Down"—he gave Bill an envelope on Christmas Eve inside of which was the first draft of the Steinbeck play, with a note which read, "You're *Tonder*, you jerk"—Bill put through some pretty lean months in New York. At night he wrote on his play. "The Life of Chopin," which he was sure was a great play and would stack up with the works of Shakespeare, if he could ever get it produced. Hell, he couldn't even get anybody to read it! In the daytime he worked as a guide in Radio City. He would be showing a group of gaping tourists through the mazes of Radio City when often, too often, one of his pals from his stock company days would join the group and dis-

rupt everything by whispering, "That's Bill Eythe, isn't it? Too bad. He had such a brilliant future. Tsch, tsch! Drink, you know." And they'd laugh behind their hats when Bill's ear would become a deep crimson while he prattled on about the marvelous architecture of Radio City. "Those smart characters," says Bill with a laugh, "they almost caused me to lose my job."

Bill always carried a copy of "The Life of Chopin" in his pocket—just in case he ran into someone who'd listen to him read it. One day he was hurrying through the halls of Radio City on his way home when he ran into a young man he had met casually some months before. The young man grabbed him by the arm and pushed him into an office and abruptly said, "Read something, Eythe." Bill was so startled and completely befuddled that he forgot all about "The Life of Chopin" in his pocket, and instead dragged out a newspaper from his other pocket and started reading want ads. "Fine, fine," said the young man, after a few minutes of wanted stenographers, "you'll do. The job is yours. Start tomorrow." When the confusion cleared up a bit Bill discovered that he had been testing for television. "I became staff announcer for the six Long Island housewives who had a television set." The war closed down television broadcasts—and Bill once more was out of work.

In "The Moon Is Down" Bill as the neurotic *Lt. Tonder* was supposed to lapse into hysteria in one scene. A German officer cuffs him on each cheek to snap him out of it. When the play was tried out in Baltimore the actor playing the German officer misjudged his slap and the blow punctured Bill's left eardrum. On the opening night in New York the same thing happened, and Bill's right eardrum was shattered. For two weeks he was completely deaf, getting his cues only through laborious lip reading. In case you want to know why Bill, young, physically fit, and unmarried, is 4-F—that's it. After "The Ox Bow Incident" he tried to enlist but was turned down because of his ears.

Bill lives in Hollywood with his mother and father and a fourteen-year-old dog. He hates intrigue and studio politics. He likes people who are forthright and honest. He has a sloppy sweater of many colors which comes down to his knees which he likes to wear around the studio. But when he takes a girl out for an evening he slicks up like a gentleman. He's made only one big *faux pas* since coming to Hollywood. He was having dinner alone one night at a restaurant when he noticed that an attractive woman at the next table was being audibly cynical about life in general. Bill knew he shouldn't but he just couldn't resist turning to her and saying, "You sound like Ida Lupino's mother." Bill had just seen "The Hard Way" and was still impressed by Ida's performance in it. There was a pregnant pause. "Young man," said the woman, "I *am* Ida Lupino's mother."

Bill and Connie Lupino are now the best of friends. Of course.

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Charming

Adrienne Ames

Star of stage and screen, and one of radios leading commentators says:



"Years ago I kept changing around from one deodorant to another, always hoping to find the ideal one—one that would not irritate my skin, or harm my clothing, but would definitely help stop underarm perspiration and all the annoyance and embarrassment it causes. About 2 years ago I discovered Arrid. It was the answer to my every desire, and I have used it ever since.

A little dab of Arrid—and presto!—You don't have to think about underarm dress stains or offensive underarm odor. Arrid protects you from BOTH."

Adrienne Ames

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
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At any store which sells toilet goods

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



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BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that *really* lasts...smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need . . . vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick . . . with Tangee's matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY DAY AMERICA NEEDS $140,000,000 TO FIGHT THE WAR! HELP WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Merry Bennys

Continued from page 41

The actual marriage ceremony was performed in Waukegan, Ill. Jack's boyhood pal, Julius Sinykin, had a clothing store back there, and with family and friends present, the ceremony took place in the parlor of Julius' suite, or what we can, for all practical purposes, call the penthouse of the Waukegan Hotel. We figured our lives would be spent in hotel rooms anyway, so we thought we might as well get married in one.

You see, Jack was playing vaudeville then and we had to travel the circuit, so we couldn't stay in one place too long. We looked forward to New York because when we got there, there were four or five weeks in and around town, since there were several theaters in various parts of Greater Manhattan that we could play.

There were many beautiful women that Jack worked with in his act, but that was all part of the business and believe me, I could admire the wardrobe of Lilyan Tashman and Frances Williams and the way in which they gave class to Jack's act without being jealous of them. HONEST!

Then came that fateful guest broadcast that Jack did for Ed Sullivan. At the time we were in New York on a more permanent basis, because Jack was working in the stage production of Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Right from that first broadcast there was something interesting about radio to Jack, so when he got an offer from Canada Dry to do a series of programs, he was very pleased. To me it meant the prospect of not having to catch trains and break camp every week; not to have to fly from one hotel to another. Radio meant that we could stay put in one place.

I suppose being married to a man in vaudeville was different than being the usual housewife. But beginning with those first years of radio, we had our apartment in New York.

Later came a series of film offers, so it seemed that Jack had arrived in pictures, and that his work would no longer be confined to just radio. That meant that we had to think of leaving New York and settling down on a more or less permanent basis in Hollywood.

Still later we built our home. It was fun for both of us. We could have so many things that we wanted that we never had before. Little, silly things. So, when we built our home, we incorporated them. Lots of tables and chairs; tables to write on, tables to play games on. As many telephones all over the house as we could justifiably have. We wanted a great big room that would have a huge fireplace, the same room where also we could have books and pictures, and so many comfortable chairs that nobody ever wanted to get up and move; with a bar, and little corners for more of those tables. That was the room that we wanted to be able to camp in. Food could be brought in to us; we could pick up the phone and talk to the outside world—that is, if we wanted to; and the

same room large enough to entertain our friends.

It's been just as much fun living in our house, as building it and furnishing it.

We have a daughter, Joan, and the house probably means more to her than it does to us because she's known no other. I'm sure she feels more possessive about every stick of furniture or picture than either Jack or I feel. It's California, so we have a big yard. That's good for Joan, too.

And it's right neighborly. Up the street lives Eddie Cantor. We're not far from George Burns and Gracie Allen, who are friends of ours. Of course, one's friends aren't limited geographically in California. The Gary Coopers live up in Brentwood. That's a smart ten minutes. Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman, live in Holmby Hills. That isn't far. Annie Sothern and Barbara Stanwyck live close enough so when the two girls and myself want to have a hen party, especially now, since both their husbands are in service, it can be arranged on short notice.

It's good for me, too, because when Jack works late, or when he is away for long periods of time, like when he was in Africa last summer, getting together with one's friends is important. Jack tells me I had better have my friends lined up again for next summer as he is going on another tour. So I am glad we have the house.

If you have ever gone on one of those sightseeing tours in Hollywood, the driver might have pointed out our house to you. Then he would go up the street to Eddie Cantor's; then he'd show you the house where George Gershwin lived and died, and next door where his brother Ira lives now. Then around the corner where Jerome Kern lives. Then he'd go up a side street to Benedict Canyon to Hedy Lamarr's house, and there you are.

But pretend the driver stopped at our house and said "Mary Livingstone has invited you to step inside." You ring the bell. Somebody lets you in and you're standing in the hall. You aren't announced yet. Jack and I are talking in the living room because we don't know anyone's there.

Jack might say, "Doll, what are we doing tonight? Anything?"

I will say, "Well, I haven't made plans yet, Jack. What would you like to do?"

And he'll probably answer, "Gee, I don't want to do anything. I just feel like staying home and playing gin rummy."

And I'll say, "Jack, you never win. Why do you want to play?"

"Well, I feel lucky tonight. In fact, I bet I'll go down before the fifth card."

So Doll (that's me) and Jack are set to play gin rummy.

Now you have had a look-see and heard the conversation of two people who are just like any other two people—when it comes to living together. Sorry we couldn't give you a performance. But Jack wasn't in one of those jumping-on-a-chair-and-making-faces moods!

MORE WAR BONDS--
SPEEDIER VICTORY

Are you "on your toes"-- like 8 out of 10?

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From all over the nation, 10,086 women recently wrote—telling *why* they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins. *8 out of 10 said for its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety!* Among them were women who had used practically every type of napkin. But they liked Modess better! Like Mrs. P. D., dancer and gymnast, who wrote: "*New-found softness and wonderful comfort!*" And there were thousands more . . .



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MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

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Such smooth feminine hands easily win a love match. You can prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look", the softness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

"Like professional care for my hands", you'll realize using Jergens Lotion. Sticky? Never! Simple and easy. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars' Favorite Hand Care — they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

"The Adventures of Mark Twain"

Continued from page 37

"But the mountains are bustin' with it," Steve protested, pointing out the silver in the stone. "What do you want to go to seed on the river for, when you can come out west and get rich?"

"What does a river pilot want with a million?" Sam said in his easy way, and then he found the miniature. Charles Langdon, one of the passengers, had lost it as he turned away from the gambling tables in the main saloon.

That miniature changed everything for Sam. It was almost as if the pictured face he stared down on was alive, as if he could see the full lips quivering, see the pulse quivering in the slender throat. Her eyes were blue, blue as the river itself, and her hair the pale gold of corn silk, and Sam knew when he looked at her that he would love her until he died. A wave of relief swept over him when he learned she was Langdon's sister and not his wife. He came to an abrupt decision.

"I'm leaving the river," he said. "All my life, everybody's been trying to tell me this river was only a wet streak in the dirt. My parents, my brother, everybody, they broke their hearts trying to tell me. But oh, no, I wouldn't listen. I didn't realize there was *anything* a river man could never have. But now I know there is. You see that picture of your sister, Langdon? That's the girl I'm going to marry."

When he left, Olivia's picture was safely tucked away in his waistcoat pocket and a note jokingly apologizing for the theft left in its place. Then he went to Steve Gillis and told him if he still wanted a partner, he was ready.

There was silver in those western hills; there was gold, too. But Sam and Steve never found it. All around them men were making lucky strikes, but the two partners worked one claim after another and gained nothing for all their labor.

"No grub, no place to eat," Sam said at last. "All on earth I'm trying to do is herd together enough money so I can go east in decent style. That girl isn't going to wait forever, you know, without seeing me at least." He sighed then.

So Sam got a job as reporter on Virginia City's only newspaper and began saving his money. And then Steve came to him with another get-rich-quick scheme—a frog-jumping contest!

Sam bet on the wrong frog so there was no trip east. But he could still see the funny side of that contest. And so one day he wrote the story and sent it to a New York newspaper. Only he didn't sign his own name because he didn't think too much of it. Instead, he suddenly remembered that call that meant so much back on the river, and put the name Mark Twain on the manuscript.

Weeks later when J. B. Pond, the foremost booking agent of his period, who had seen the story of *The Jumping Frog* in the newspaper and realized the fortune that could be made with a man who could write humor like that, arrived at Virginia City, no one could tell him where he could find Mark Twain.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN"

(A Warner Brothers Picture)

Screenplay by Alan Le May. Adaptation by Alan Le May and Harold M. Sherman. Additional dialogue by Harry Chandlee. Jesse L. Lasky, producer. Irving Rapper, director. Music by Max Steiner.

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) .....Fredric March
Olivia Langdon.....Alexis Smith
J. B. Pond.....Donald Crisp
Steve Gillis.....Alan Hale
Oxford Chancellor...C. Aubrey Smith
Bret Harte.....John Carradine
Charles Langdon.....William Henry
Horace E. Bixby.....Robert Barrat
Jervis Langdon.....Walter Hampden
Mrs. Langdon.....Nana Bryant

All biographical material based on words owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman.

"Better ask Sam Clemens," somebody suggested. "He knows everybody."

But just as Pond got to the print shop, Goodman, the editor, came staggering in from the telegraph office. "Here, Sam, quick! Grab some paper. I got to get an extra on the street. Fort Sumter has been fired on. The North and South are at war and the Mississippi River is closed."

"What?" Sam said in a stunned voice, "the Mississippi closed?"

"Blockade," Goodman said tersely. "Steamboat sunk at St. Louis." Then as Sam reached for his hat he bellowed testily, "Hey, where are you going?"

"I'm going to push the northern armies into the sea." Sam flung back over his shoulder. "If I can get transportation."

Pond stared after him, "Wait! What's your name?"

"Sam Clemens, river pilot," Sam said.

"But there must be a Mark Twain *somewhere!*" Pond sighed.

It wasn't until the Civil War was over that he found him. It was when he learned what the words mark twain stood for that Pond remembered the young man rushing back to his river. But it was a few weeks after Lee's surrender before he caught up with "The Queen Of Dixie."

No one would have recognized the proud river boat in the wreck partly buried in silt. No one would have recognized her pilot either, gazing mournfully down on her.

"I'd give something to find the pilot of that steam boat," Pond said.

Suddenly he gave Sam a penetrating look. "I remember now!" His voice rose. "*You're* Sam Clemens. This is marvelous! I'll give you a contract, I'll have you lecturing in New York within—"

"Not me," Sam said firmly. "I tried making a speech once and I—"

"Think of the opportunity!" Pond insisted. "I'll make you famous!"

"I'm not going to make you any speech!" Sam shouted. But again his shouting was only proof of his uncertainty, and two weeks later to the day he mounted the platform in the lecture hall at Cooper Union.

He was scared at first, desperately

"I'll never go back to him ... *never!*"



Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

Wife: *Nothing*—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!



Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's *my* fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?



Mother: Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.



Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl . . .

Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it *always* now!



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.-544. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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Housework's the Only Job I Know

— what could I do in a war job?

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!





Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now.* Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.



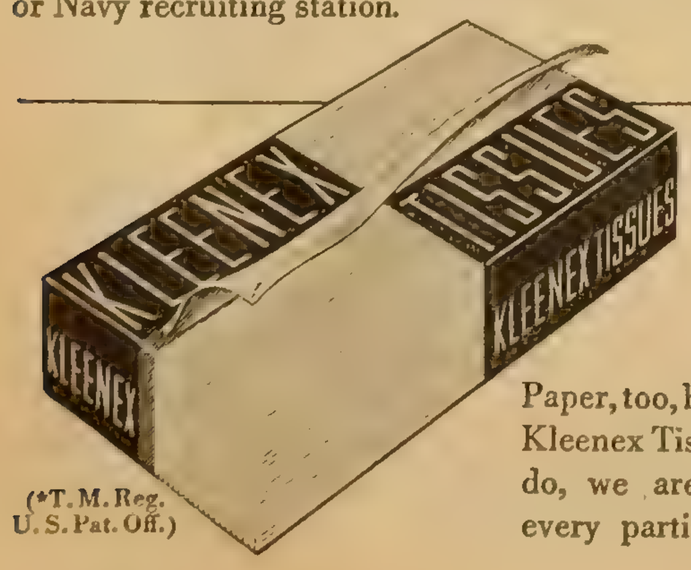
Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.



Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse.* Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential!* Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today!*



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues*

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

scared, and then he saw her sitting there in the front row of the auditorium, a slender girl in white with a lace mantilla partly covering the pale gold of her hair and her blue eyes looking at him in that interested, intent way. She was Olivia, the girl of the miniature, and she was smiling as if he were important to her too.

It was easier after that. He was talking to her and he no longer fumbled for words. He talked about the things he knew, and always there was that irresistible wit to delight his audience—which rose as a man to its feet, applauding wildly, when he finished. Pond knew then that Mark Twain had already become a success.

But Sam wasn't interested in success at that moment. All that mattered was the girl, the girl whose name sounded like music on his lips as he repeated it after her brother had introduced them.

"I'm afraid I've been talking to you all evening," he said. "Or did you notice?"

The color rising in her cheeks betrayed her. She tried to speak but the words came stumbling from her lips, and her brother smiled as he rescued her.

"Sam, I hope you'll make an appearance in Elmira, sometime," he said. "We'll have to run now, to make our train."

"Well," Sam grinned, "come on, then! Come on!" And taking Olivia's arm he began briskly shepherding both of them through the stage door.

It was really the most preposterous thing that had ever happened to him, Jervis Langdon decided, this man suddenly appearing on his doorstep with his son and daughter and staying on as if he had been an invited guest. As the days went on it was clear he had no intention of leaving, and Langdon grew more and more uneasy as he saw the way Olivia looked at their uninvited guest, for he knew his daughter well enough to know that she had fallen in love. Everyone knew that, everyone except Sam himself.

"I'd better leave," he said that evening in the garden. "I just don't belong in your world. I'm an outsider, a tramp pilot and about the worst fraud you ever met. I always knew that someday I'd have to come and find you, to see if you were real, but now—"

"Now you're disappointed," she said, and her eyes were gently mocking.

"No," he said, and for once he was serious. "Now that I know you, you're so much finer, so much dearer than anything I could ever dream, that I know you can't ever marry me. So, I've got to give you back something I've got that doesn't rightfully belong to me." He took the miniature out of his pocket then. "I stole it," he said. "It's been in the bottom of mines with me and up mountains and across plains, everywhere with me, for a long time. Pretty silly, wasn't it? Why, I couldn't even support you. Your father's made me see that in a hundred different ways. And he's right."

"Mark," she looked at him quietly. "Why did you come East?"

"To look for you," he said.

"That's what brought Sam Clemens here," she said. "But why did Mark

Twain come East? You've forgotten about him, haven't you?" And then as he looked at her she went on quickly: "I'm not going to let you forget him again, because I'm going to be with you. I don't care if we ever have anything or not. I just want to be with you. I knew it the night of the lecture, the first time I looked at you."

He stared at her incredulously. "You can say that?" he asked. "In spite of your family and everybody and everything? Livy, I'd split the world wide open for you to prove you're right!"

Olivia took the miniature from his hand and tucked it back in his breast pocket. "So this is yours now," she said. "And you can stop all this lying and stealing."

He couldn't believe it at first, he couldn't do anything but stare at her. Then with a cry he swept her in his arms. "I give you my word I'll never tell another lie," he whispered. Then his low chuckle came, "Except for practice," he amended quickly.

Jervis Langdon couldn't hold back his doubts when they told him. He didn't have any hopes for the future of this literary jackanapes who tossed off comic bits for catchpenny papers. He did not hesitate to tell the two that as they stood waiting for his benediction. Then he gave his daughter a slip of paper and she caught her breath as she looked at it.

"Mark, it's a deed to a house!" she cried. "Father's wedding gift to us!" Suddenly she threw herself into her father's arms. "Why did you have to scare me so, when all the time you meant to do this wonderful thing?"

Langdon didn't answer for a moment. Then he looked over her head at Mark and his voice was grave, almost resigned. "Your happiness means everything to me, Livy," he said.

They were happy in that new home of theirs for the wonder of being together never staled for them, and their happiness rushed out to meet everyone crossing their hospitable threshold. Mark Twain really got down to work in the study Livy had fixed up comfortably, and he sat there day after day, his cat perched on the writing desk before him. Then in that first year of their marriage came their son, and their world could hold no more happiness.

The child was a year old that evening Sam stopped at the old toymaker's to get presents for his birthday, and the most important of all was the miniature river boat he had ordered for his boy.

But there were tears in Olivia's eyes as she met him at the door. Something was wrong with the baby, terribly wrong. Sam took the steps three at a time and as soon as he looked at the child, he knew.

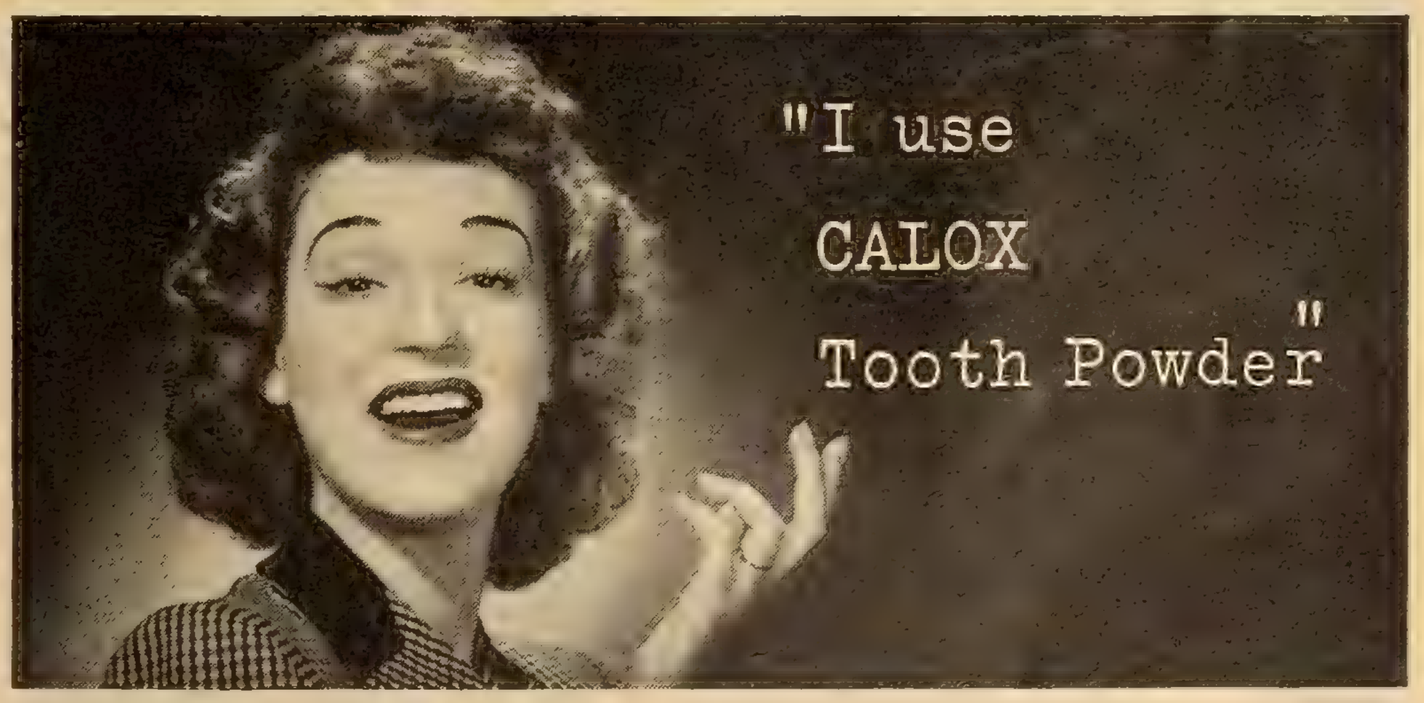
Sam couldn't write after that. Day after day he sat in his study, staring at the toy steamboat on his desk, the steamboat his baby hadn't even seen. The books he had written, "Innocents Abroad" and "Life On The Mississippi," mocked him as they stood on the shelf, for the book he had planned was to have been for the little boy.

"I can't write it, Livy," he said, looking up from the blank sheets of paper in front of him. "I wanted to take our

RISË STEVENS speaking:

Soon to be seen in "GOING MY WAY" a Paramount Picture







A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:—

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
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1. ***EXTRA COMFORT.*** San-nap-pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—*stays soft* as you wear it!

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JUST SAY "SANAPAK"





little boy to the Mississippi, I wanted to take his hand and wade with him in the Mississippi mud. I can feel that mud between my toes yet, I can hear the steamboat whistles far off down the bends. He'll never see the river now."

"No, Mark," she said gently. "*Our* little boy will never see it, but you must save those things you loved, save them for whole generations of little boys. You must not let those precious things be lost."

He looked at her sorry eyes and suddenly it was as if he didn't see her at all. He was looking across the years, across a thousand miles, and then almost as if it were a compulsion he wrote down a title, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

The whole world thrilled to that book. For Mark Twain had done what few men can ever do—he had captured his youth again, and in turn he had given eternal youth to every living mortal who could read a printed page. Even William Dean Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the most distinguished literary critic in the country, was captivated by the book and arranged a dinner to honor the author.

The speech he had to make worried Sam, for among the guests were Longfellow and Whittier and Holmes, all old men now and so hallowed by their fame and venerable age that they were spoken of by everyone in the awed tones usually reserved for the honored dead.

Sam couldn't refer to them in that way, knowing how he would hate it if anyone talked about *him* that way, and so his speech was gay and humorous and it didn't go over at all.

The newspapers next morning were scathing in their denunciation of what they called his boorish derision of the country's most famous writers, and there was that sense of shame, of failure as he came home to Olivia. She was crying when he went into his study and he hated himself for her tears.

"Oh, Livy, please don't," he whispered, holding her close. "What ever on earth persuaded you to marry an insufferable idiot like me?"

Somehow Olivia forced herself to smile. "I'm only crying because I'm so happy," she said. "I've been reading your new story, 'Huckleberry Finn,' and it's the greatest thing you've ever done. You must hurry and write it, so it won't be lost. Finishing it is more important than anything else in the world. Believe me, believe me, Mark, this is what matters!"

It was Pond who told him that Olivia had known about those stories in the papers all the time, that she had clipped them out in the hope that he wouldn't see them. Sam felt an ache in his throat as he listened.

"That girl believed in me when not one voice, not one word was raised in my behalf," he said slowly. "I promised my immortal soul I would prove she was right. I didn't know then I would have to change myself clear down to the roots, the way I think, the way I breathe, the very words I know. But I can do that too. I'll start again. I'll change the name I write with. The Mississippi River did this to Livy. The mud of the Mississippi is in my blood. Pond, I'm going to get it out if it's the last thing I do!"

It took every cent of their savings but Sam opened a printing shop and invested in a mechanical typesetter.

"Livy," he said then, "'Huckleberry Finn' is the last funny book I'm going to write. Its royalties will have to last us a long time, so I'm going to publish it myself. Then my hands will be free to write something serious and good."

"But, Mark," Olivia protested, "everybody reads your stories and loves them."

"It isn't good enough, Livy."

The country was building in those reconstruction years after the Civil War, the nation was coming of age. Telegraph lines raced out and tied the hemisphere together, railroads were built, whole cities sprang up and a continent forged ahead like nothing ever known in the history of man before. It made Mark Twain restless, it made him feel that his part in the gigantic thing that was happening was only to think up a laugh. That serious book hadn't even been begun yet. Instead he was writing one funny book after another to keep abreast with his mounting expenses.

But even the success of "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court" couldn't stave off the disaster his business advisers saw coming. It was just after he'd accepted General Grant's memoirs for publication that he was told the only way he could escape bankruptcy was to go out of business at once.

The end was disaster, as everyone had predicted it would be. He was no longer young, and now besides Livy there were three little daughters to think of who never dreamed of the worries besetting him when he romped with them, or when he told them the stories he made up for them alone. But somehow, he managed to stave off bankruptcy until the children were almost grown.

Then with his promise to pay every creditor back a hundred cents on the dollar he planned the world-wide lecture tour that would bring him the money he needed. Olivia clung to him, that day when she saw him off, and once again she had to reach down into her heart for the courage to deceive him, for she couldn't let him guess the awful secret her doctor had told her.

"Papa," his daughter Clara said anx-

iously, "please take care of yourself."

"Don't worry about me," Sam said testily. "I came into this world with Halley's Comet and I'm going to stay here till it comes back for me!"

The big house was lonely with Sam gone. But word came back about him all the time. That day when it was reported he had died every newspaper in the country printed the cable he had sent. "The report of my death is greatly exaggerated," it said, and the country rocked with mirth over the latest Twainism. Olivia, too, laughed through the pain that was her constant companion now. Then the cable came asking her to join him in Florence.

It was a changed Olivia Sam saw. Never before had he realized she was growing older but in the change that had come with her illness he guessed the truth.

Then one evening she called him in her weak voice and when he went into her room he saw how little she looked in the big bed. But her eyes shining so tremulously were the eyes of the girl in the miniature.

"I've got something for you, Mark," she said in her old teasing way. "What would it take to make you realize that you are the greatest American writer of your time?" Then as she gave him a letter her tone changed, became serious.

"It's from Oxford, Mark! You are being given the same honorary degree as was given Wordsworth and Macauley and Robert Browning. The name of Mark Twain is with them now."

His eyes misted with tears as he looked down on her. As he bent over to kiss her, she clung to him.

"I don't think any woman ever has been as happy as I am tonight," she whispered. "Will you sing for me, Mark, a little while, while I go to sleep?"

It was as he sat at the piano, playing for her, that she died. But to Sam, even in that first sorrow, it was as if she had not died at all. For he felt her nearness as he received the degree at Oxford; she walked beside him on the deck of the steamer taking him back to America; and afterwards she was there in the house with him, so near he felt almost as if he could hear her voice urging him on as, propped up by pillows, he sat in bed through long sleepless nights writing the stories that had made him the world's best-loved humorist.

The years went on but he was scarcely aware of them. Time had ceased to exist.

"Sometime," he sighed, "I feel like a stalk of corn left standing all alone in the field. There's nobody left for me to play with any more."

Even as his faltering voice spoke there was that strange light in the sky and there, shining clear and brave, stood Halley's Comet, a streaming glory. And as he stared at it, Clara knew those words he had spoken in jest were true, that the comet had come back for him. Even as she stood there frozen in her grief, she remembered that other thing her father had said and it was almost as if she heard him.

"My darling," he was saying gently, "if you could only know what you look upon as my death has been greatly exaggerated!"

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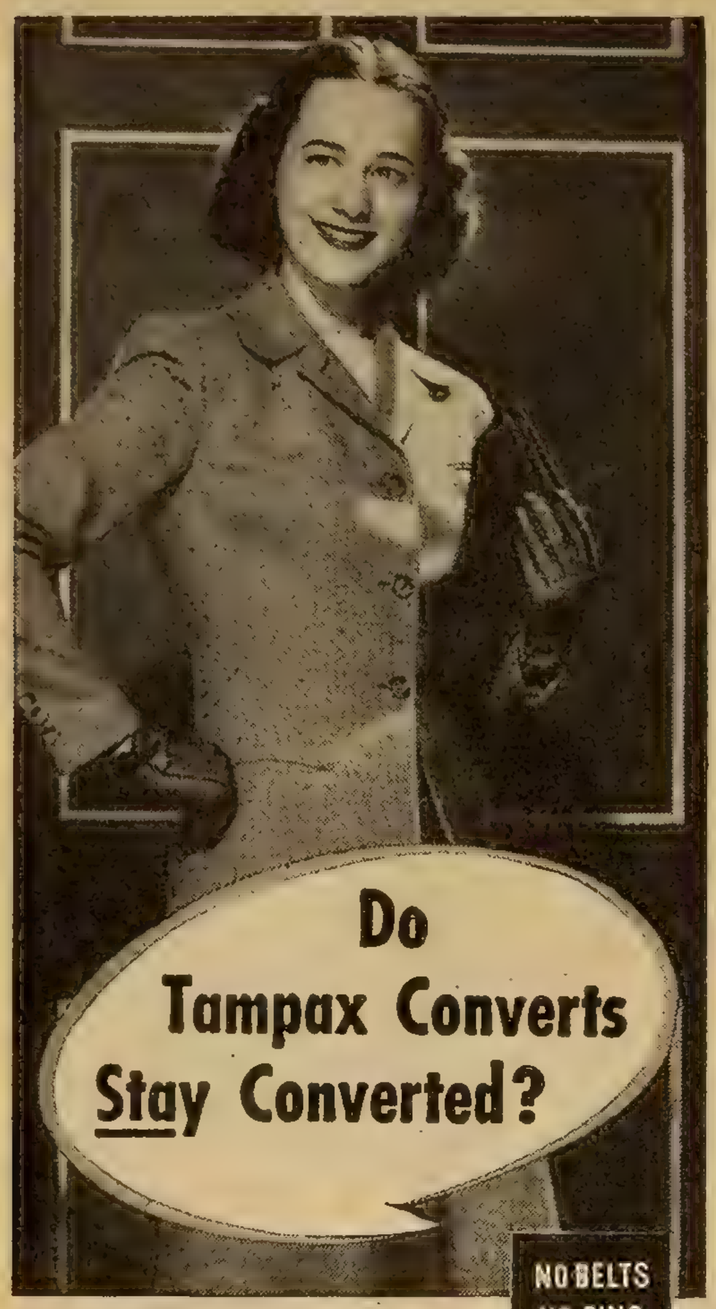
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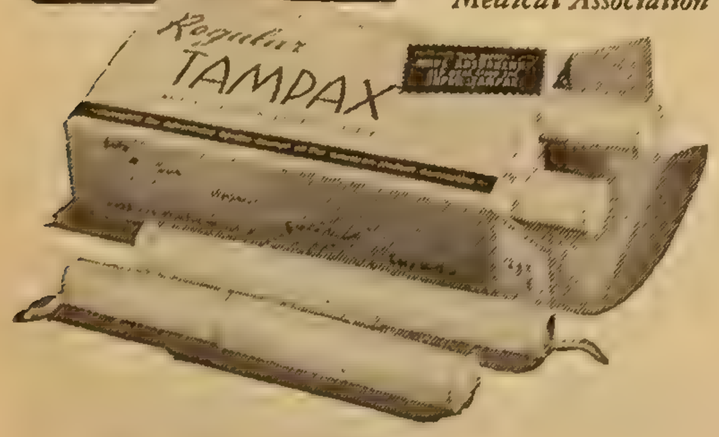
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When Your Man Comes Home

Continued from page 26

telephone to the airport—my head crowded with surprise and anticipation. Louis was really here, and coming home!

I might well have expected to see him looking pale and haggard, but he actually looked better than he had ever looked in his life—rugged and tanned. I don't remember what we said—yet I have an unforgettable mental picture of my first glimpse of him at the terminal. In the midst of my excitement Louis was very calm. I accepted the revelation which came to me then—which has been, or will be, the experience of every woman—that these men have come through something that women cannot share. No matter how vivid their imagination, nor how emotional their sympathy, nor how dramatic their understanding. It is something that she must respect—that she must not try to crash through. Louis has always been a very reticent person, jealous of personal privacy. So even if I could remember our first words I am sure I'd not feel they were to be shared with anyone by repeating them here.

As we drove back to the house I felt that here was a man I knew better than any man in the world. He was closer to me than anyone—and yet, here was an utter stranger! Make no mistake about it, war will do that to all of our men. And I think as the time comes closer to more of us—when more men are returning from actual combat—we must keep more strongly in mind our responsibility to respect their silences. The thing that impressed me most was the complete quiet, the complete calm, of my husband. This controlled stranger was Louis, the volatile, restless one! Because of what he had experienced, there was an aura of power about him. The power which comes from controlled emotions and knowledge.

I felt my conversational way—uncertainly—as all women will. I didn't know if I should ask about the war. And it seemed silly to recount the comparative trivia of my civilian life. There we sat—Louis and I—as husbands and wives all over the world now sit at a time of reunion—with the feeling of gratitude and security for his safety at the moment—looking at each other. No words between us. There was great comfort in the very wordlessness.

The next day, before he reported to Warner Brothers where he had been assigned to edit and cut the film he had shot at Tarawa, we drove out to our home in Brentwood. (When the gasoline situation became so acute I had closed up our home because it was such a great distance from my studio.) Louis had bought our home in Brentwood soon after our marriage. While he had been in the South Pacific I had had his room done over the way he had always wanted it—in burgundy and grey, with a huge window seat, bookcases and brass lamps and hunting prints. Modern and comfortable and warm.

"Perfect," he said after the slow, sharp survey. Then he talked of the war.



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On the ride back to Hollywood, with the walls of his silence removed, I relayed all the local gossip and news I could think of. I told him about the trip Rita and I had made to March Field the week before. We visited the hospital there, called the "25 acres," and we didn't miss a patient for the entire 25 acres. But coming back they put us in wheel chairs. The boys called us the Sulfa-Drug Sisters. I gave him a preview of the comedy act—cockney stories and crazy dances I had cooked up with Freddie Ney, a comedian at Paramount, which I hope to take overseas, if everything works out to that end. And now I'm more determined than ever to give those boys whom Louis praises so highly one hour of laughs.

I wanted so much to give Louis something to laugh about, too. But much of the time, instinct seemed to still my chatter. So now I have a little formula. I never question him. Sometimes, suddenly, he will start to talk and talk, on and on, without pause. I have noticed when people question him that sometimes he answers them abruptly — in monosyllables. And again, he will answer the same question in greatest detail. My husband is a soldier. And I am learning that this is the way of soldiers home from combat. The next great task for women may be to learn how to be seen and not heard, not just some of the time, but a great deal of the time. Men want to think—then talk. And think again. Women will have to learn to listen. And to judge the quality of a man's silence as his thoughts are having their way with him.

When the first newspaper accounts came through telling of the meeting between Louis and Eddie Albert on the beach while under fire at Tarawa, it was perfectly natural that Eddie's mother and I should get together in Hollywood, comparing letters and cables and photos. We were strangers when the stories broke. We were friends when we met the next day sharing the exchanges of thoughts and hopes for "our boys."

Louis had been home just a little while when one night who should appear on our doorstep but Eddie Albert. Lieutenant (j.g.) Albert of the U. S. Navy, as a salvage officer, had gone over in the first wave with Louis at Tarawa. Eddie had run into Louis that first day on the beach. As they passed each other, with shells bursting all around them, Eddie yelled out, "Hey, Louis, not like the movies, eh?" And Louis, wielding a camera in one hand and a pistol in the other, yelled back, "Hell, no." Eddie, Louis told me, was magnificent at Tarawa. Never lost his sense of humor, even in the midst of the bloodiest fighting. He kept the boys laughing and joking and in high spirits.

With Eddie was another buddy who had fought in what the newspapers called "the bloodiest fight in the history of the United States Marine Corps." Now, again, Louis talked.

He told us about one of the great experiences he had had in the battle. Before the day dawned the men were crouched low in the Higgins boat approaching the shore, and under dreadful fire from the enemy. Suddenly a Colonel



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dashed into the boat, without regard for the murderous shell fire, gave brisk, dynamic orders and dashed out again. "That," whispered one of the men hoarsely to Louis, "was the famous Colonel Carlson of Carlson's Raiders." Louis was furious. His hero, and he hadn't taken a picture of him.

Louis told us of the first night he spent on Tarawa, how he got separated from his men, and spent the night in a foxhole with fourteen dead Japs. He told us other spine-tingling things, too. But most of all he told us stories of the superhuman bravery of the Marines, both the men and the officers. He said he had never seen such a display of courage and guts in all his life. Silently, calmly, without the slightest hesitation, they waded through the waters right into the fire of Jap machine guns. Knowing that this was exactly what Louis had done too, I thought to myself, you can rave about the courage of the other guys, but I think you had a lot of courage too. I'm proud to bursting of my old man.

It was almost three o'clock in the morning before the three boys stopped talking. "One more story," said Eddie apologetically to me, "and I'll go home and let you get some sleep." Then he told us about the long, rangy Kentuckian he had met hidden behind a clump of trees on Tarawa. The guy had the clearest, keenest eyes Eddie had ever seen, and every few seconds he would raise his arm, fire a shot at a nearby wooded stretch—pop—and a Jap would fall dead. He never seemed to miss. A regular Sergeant York. Eddie started talking to him and during the conversation mentioned that in a few days he was being sent back to the States on leave. "Yeah," drawled the rangy guy—pop—"I don't think I'd like it back in the States now" —pop—"I been over here two years"—pop—"and I'm kind of used to it—pop, pop—"well, maybe now it wouldn't be too bad"—pop—"for a couple of weeks —pop—"iffen I could go back to Kaintuck"—pop, pop—"git me my hound dog, and git me a little squirrel hunting" —pop, pop, pop—

At this writing we do not know where Louis' next assignment will be. The negative he took of the Tarawa battle is now being processed in a local laboratory. When he has edited the film it will have to be shipped to Washington for check by the Marine officials for final stamp of approval before it can be generally released. I proudly quote from one of the trade papers, "Expected that picture will be one of the most graphic yet taken under actual battle conditions by any of the various services' photographic divisions." Speaks right well for the Marine Photographic Corps, doesn't it?

I am deeply grateful that I have been fortunate among thousands of women to have my husband back for even such a short while. I know I must say goodbye to him again. And as all women know, the second farewell will demand even more courage and prayers and conviction for his safety. I have had Louis' good counsel from the beginning, and I shall never forget his words:

"Ida, always think of me with strength and certainty—and remember, we *shall* see each other again."



Hedy Lamarr's Lowdown On Love

Continued from page 20

humor was nice, not obvious and rather tricky. She started right out by giving me hell! And she was the first woman I ever met in my life who could dress in twelve minutes flat!"

"I went right off the deep end," is the way Hedy expresses it. "John seemed so peaceful, so philosophical. Life was too short. Why didn't I force a little less and get more out of it, John wanted to know? When I learned he hated night clubs and unnecessary publicity, I gave him my phone number!"

During their first year of marriage, Hedy and John were conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene. The reasons can now be told. John moved into Hedy's house on top of an isolated hill. The situation was obvious. At the time John couldn't afford to buy the house he considered worthy of his bride. At the time, due to the housing shortage, there were no houses at any price to be had. The day John moved in, he took Hedy's hand in his and said: "I must love you very much to do this. Your salary is larger than mine. You are a big star. This is your home. I can pay the bills, but I can't give you all the luxuries you deserve."

Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "You know, people are going to talk! They'll think I'm another actor who has attached himself to a star more successful and famous than himself. They'll probably refer to me as—Mr. Lamarr!"

Hedy laughed. She laughed because she knew John expected her to laugh. She also knew there was pride behind his banter. When John accompanied her to her own studio, it was—Miss Lamarr this, Miss Lamarr that. One night they dined in a Hollywood restaurant. "*Your* table is right this way, Miss Lamarr," said the head waiter. Then—it happened.

John drove out to the studio to have lunch with Hedy. He hesitated at the gate to give his name. "Go right on in, *Mr. Lamarr,*" said the officer pleasantly. "Your wife is expecting you."

John thought it was a very amusing story. He told it on himself. Hedy, far wiser and more understanding than most women in a similar position, told him he was giving a very bad performance. That night after dinner, they were sitting in front of the fireplace. In her hand Hedy held a narrow slip of paper. She handed it to John. On it he read: "*If you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it.*"

"I copied that quotation from Somerset Maugham." Hedy began explaining. "I believe it. John, I want *you* to believe it. If we want to retain our happiness, we must be *equal in everything.* That is where the importance of money comes in. A man should be the head of his house. He should run things, pay bills, make decisions. No woman can respect a man for long and a man will lose all his self-respect, if a woman makes him subordinate.

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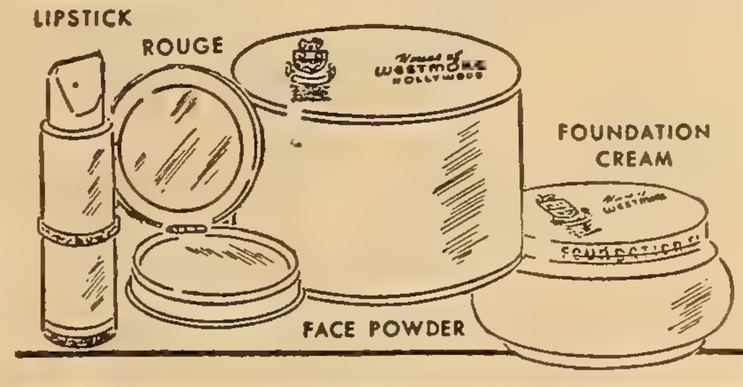


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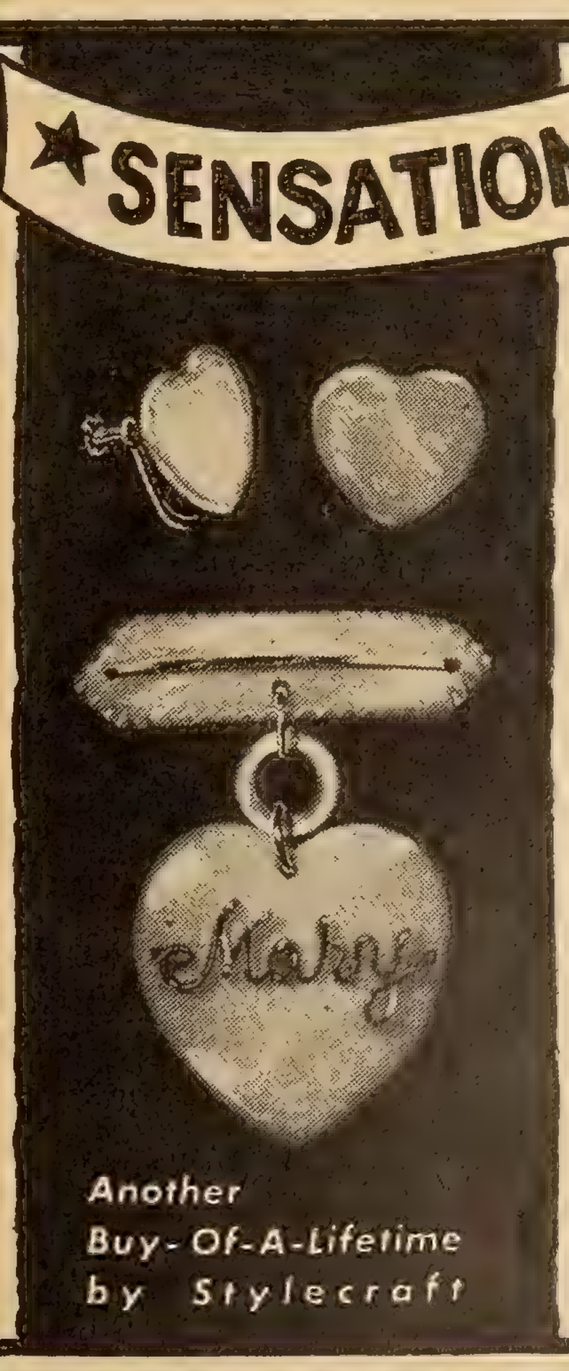


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pictures, you've forgotten that you are capable of doing better work. So naturally, others forget too. You've got to fight for better parts, John. If your studio can't give them to you, then you must ask for a release and you will get them someplace else. I believe in you, John. You *must* believe in yourself."

The next day John went to his studio. Franchot Tone, who was supposed to play in "Old Acquaintance," had bowed out of the part. John asked to make a test. The result of that test got him the rôle. When the picture was released things began to happen. John's fan mail went zooming. Interviews, portrait sittings, radio offers—all the rewards of recognition followed. Cornelia Otis Skinner wired him the lead in her new play.

"I was a happy man," says John. "It vindicated Hedy's faith, which meant more than everything else to me. Then months went by and I only did a small part in 'Passage To Marseille.' The studio wasn't to blame. They just didn't have anything lined up for me. I have wanted to be reliable in this business. I've wanted to be a dependable actor, make a living at it and remain in it for the rest of my life. If it hadn't been for Hedy, I would have been satisfied.

"I liked it at Warners. Everyone was nice to me. But I asked for my release. I had to ask for it four times before I got it. Jack Warner was wonderful. He had to admit there wasn't any special plan or special parts in the immediate offing for me. Besides being an excellent business man, he is also a good friend. He gave me my release."

For the next four months nothing happened. Hedy watched John pace restlessly around the house. It was a trying period for both. To cover up his misgivings, John made cracks and compared himself to other Hollywood husbands who were in a similar position and loving every moment of it. Finally, one morning at breakfast, the words Hedy hoped she would never hear, came out.

"Tell me the truth, Hedy dear," said John. "Do you think I made a mistake?"

Hedy never had to answer that question. The phone rang. It was John's agent telling him he had just been signed for the lead in Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape." The salary was five times larger than his last!

"My first picture at Warners was 'The Gorilla Man,'" he said to Hedy. "Now my first as a free lance actor is 'The Hairy Ape.' Looks to me like—monkey business!"

The following day John received another phone call. The Silver Theater was auditioning for its Sunday radio show. Would John like to be master of ceremonies? They were also considering Herbert Marshall and Orson Welles. John was interested to the point of being so doggone good, he got the job! When he broke the news to Hedy, she just looked at him and said: "*Now* you are making more money than I am!"

There's still another side to the married life of Hedy and John. This time it's John who deserves the credit. Hedy possesses all the fire, the temperament, the enthusiasm that a woman of her beauty should have. Occasionally it runs away with her. Even a simple little

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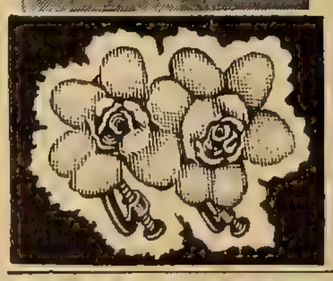
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thing like a phone conversation becomes a problem. But let Hedy explain it:

"Maybe I just have a phobia for phones. People sometimes misunderstand my attitude. I am happy to talk to them. My face is smiling. But I get excited when I talk over the phone. I like to see people's faces when I talk. So my voice sounds rude. Now it is so simple. I let John do the dirty work! That man *really* has a way with him!

"But seriously, John has helped me so much. I am much less impulsive and more philosophical, thanks to him. I used to get in such a dither over tiny things. Little disappointments assumed gigantic proportions. I am much calmer now. I remember the first time John came to dinner. I wanted it to be extra nice. I had a new cook who acted like she was trained by Hitler. She resented her job, the food, and one extra person to cook for. When the dinner came in, it was ruined.

"I wanted to go right in and fire her. John said, 'Forget it. Wait until tomorrow. Don't ever do a thing while you're angry.' Many a time since I have gone to John the next day and said, 'how right you were.'"

Thus starts the second year of marriage for John and Hedy. Recently M-G-M offered him a term contract. Hedy hoped he wouldn't accept it. Just in case it *might* have been offered to him, to keep her happy. She naturally is the bigger star, having been on the lot for so long. Why should her husband take second place and be constantly reminded of it? John refused it. More to his credit

Occasionally, maybe once a month, they'll have dinner with Lily Veidt (widow of the late Conrad) at whose home they were married. This invitation includes Lady and Sir Charles Mendl. Since their marriage, Hedy and John haven't given or attended a Hollywood party. Twice they went to a premiere. Invariably someone calls and says, "Let's make a party of it." They plead a previous date so they can be alone. If they never make plans, then they can do what they want. This way, it's simple. This way, no one is offended.

Call him a sentimentalist, or what you will, John keeps a scrap book on everything that has been printed or happened, since the day they met. It includes the bill for their two wedding rings—which was under twenty dollars; their marriage license; a pressed boutonnière—the first given him by Hedy; an advertisement sent them from a wedding chapel, on the bottom of which was written, "See Deanna Durbin for special recommendation!" On one page is an item by a columnist. John has this underlined:

"Hedy Lamarr fell in love with John Loder when he was using a carving knife on a turkey. But if I know my Hedy, she doesn't love turkey so much that she'll commit matrimony. Unless I miss my guess, gold is where she'll find it. (She always has!)—and it's not in the pockets of John Loder."

Their plans for the future are bright. Hedy has another contract year to go. Then she would like to have two children. She wants to make pictures but she wants pictures as part of her life, not *all* of it.







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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Because of their ability to laugh at each other, they have been able to weather the storm of Hollywood criticism. They know they have been misunderstood by so-called friends—those who have accused them of drifting away from everyone. Hedy and John knew their likes and dislikes were the same, their temperaments different. Only by being by themselves could they work it out.

" . . . And so," Hedy sums it up, "because we felt we had a very good chance for happiness, we drifted from friends toward each other. We love our friends but we have our best times together. We've seen a lot, traveled a lot, speak the same languages, have met the same people, enjoy the same common interests. All this gives us a head start. We don't want to cut loose from our friends. But right now they should understand. The first year of any marriage has its difficult moments. So John and I decided to stay home and build up a solid foundation.

"Recently I read an article by Dame May Whitty. It was beautifully written and something to be remembered. 'A love must be earned,' said Dame May. That's what I believe. You cannot hope for a mutual understanding until the two of you think about it and work on it. Eventually you will share if you don't expect too much at first."

Beauty Duty

Continued from page 16

tooth discoloration will mar it. Lipstick spots, nicotine stains, food particles, or a half-clean look, are bitter enemies of mouth beauty.

Naturally, you clean your teeth morning and night, but are you fussy about *how* you clean them? Do you use two brushes, in rotation, so that the bristles of each have a chance to dry out and become firm enough to scour thoroughly? Do you use a good paste or powder that you're sure won't scratch or mar the enamel? Do you massage your gums to make them stay pink and healthy?

For lipstick spots there's only one thing to do. That is—examine your teeth always after applying your lip color, and remove immediately any trace of red.

Food particles cling to some types of teeth more than to others. If yours are the slightly separated kind which invite food to stay between them, don't neglect your dental floss after meals!

Is your breath sweet and fresh? You just *couldn't* be guilty of the unpardonable halitosis! However, sometimes the food we eat, or the state of our digestion, brings this horror on us. For goodness sake, watch it! Stay on the safe side by using mouthwash regularly.

Are you always "clean behind the ears"? By that question we mean—do you forget to look for blackheads which may appear in places where a hasty glimpse in the mirror doesn't show them? Do you let your chin be your cleansing and make-up boundary line? (Lots of girls seem to cream to the chin, powder to the chin, and then leave an abrupt line of demarcation which shows up the

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Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. S. U. 7, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.



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different color of the surrounding skin!) Do you brush out powder that gets in your hair? And—we hate to mention this—do you ever allow dandruff to stay on your shoulders?

For blackheads at the hairline and around the ears, facial soap-and-water is the answer—and plenty of it. Be sure to rinse soap off carefully if you would avoid dryness here. When flakiness does occur from many scrubbings apply a little cream or oil. There are little instruments which remove blackheads efficiently, once the spots have been softened by warm soap water. To prevent the possibility of infection, or re-occurrence, apply an ointment of a formula medicated just for this purpose.

Are your hands always soft and stain-free? When you're working hard, this is a pretty big order! But remember the ways and means to lovely hands are always available. Make the application of hand lotion or cream as matter of course as your hand-washings. Keep a brush and cake of stain-removing soap handy.

Are you always free of perspiration odors? Deodorants are such a beauty duty that we must mention them. Don't ever neglect your under-arm care! There's an anti-perspirant for every type of skin. You can take your choice of effective creams, sticks and liquids.

Are your beauty implements always immaculate? Every time we see a dirty puff powdering a clean skin or a messy comb or brush touching nice hair, we could scream a warning! Our first cry would be—it just isn't sanitary to use unclean instruments. Our second—"They look so repulsive!"

Give your powder puffs many baths in soapy flakes and luke-warm water. Shake them well. If carefully washed, they shouldn't stiffen. Try to keep a double set of hair things so that one set is always clean and usable. (This is really an economy, too, because they last so much longer.) Remove hair from your brush and wipe it on a cloth after every brushing. And wash your brushes often, dunking them up and down in suds, rinsing, and drying on their sides in a cool place.

Is your unseen clothing neat and clean? Really, most American girls deserve a prize for the clean state of their undies! The ever-useful box of soap flakes seems to be on every bathroom shelf, and housewives, business girls, and high school youngsters take pride in frequent laundering of slips, stockings and girdles.

We only wish they were as conscientious about other unseen things. As one girl to another, we can't resist a word on the certain distinctly feminine equipment. If you would be ever-fresh, change this often to be certain that no offense is ever given. And, as an extra precaution, use a special deodorizing powder planned solely for this purpose.

Don't forget that the insides of your shoes are awfully important these days, too. You just can't afford to have linings become soiled and spoiled by perspiration. Occasionally go over them with a cleaning fluid. And, often, wipe out any trace of odor with a cloth dampened with an antiseptic. This is also a good preventive for skin germs that lurk in messy shoes!



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You Should Know George

Continued from page 29

once a week at one of our homes. We admit we're the world's worst players and bar all experts, fearing they'll contaminate us with rules. George and I take in golf tournaments, ball games, and make frequent trips to his 450-acre ranch, thirty miles from Medford, Oregon. And there's always fine fishing in the Rogue River that runs through his place.

"Once, driving down from the ranch, we landed at Fresno about six o'clock and after locating an auto court started out to find some supper. Before we knew it, some twenty cadets had joined our party. George never goes anywhere without running into someone he knew in his Broadway theater days, and sure enough, a chap by the name of Clark came rushing up and they went into a huddle. When we discovered this Clark owned a café in Fresno, the whole bunch moved in and put on a show that would have made New York jealous.

"Then there was the memorable trip to Catalina Island. A golf tournament was scheduled which sounded good to us but George kept saying he didn't want to go unless we had a yacht. Believe it or not, along came Fred Jackson, top movie engineer, who loaned him his boat. There were Leon Errol, Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Kennedy, George and myself, and we had a continuous vaudeville show, played rotten golf, and were about to start home when up came one of our California storms that marooned us for four days. Our wives thought it was a trick because the sun was shining on the mainland and they couldn't understand why the harbor master refused to let us leave the island in the yacht.

"We all tried our art in phoning and finally George took over, confident his Julie would understand. His conversation went like this: 'Yes, dear. Yes. Yes.' He had to admit he didn't get anywhere.

"George does war work and camp entertaining, but does it quietly. The other night, George and Jimmy Cagney went down to San Pedro to help with the ceremonies when they commissioned a subchaser.

"Last summer, George and Cary Grant went to New York and had all the arrangements made to tour the African camps. They were actually aboard the Lisbon Clipper when George was summoned back to Hollywood for 'This Is The Army.' With the team broken up, Cary hastily decided to get off too, and tour Southern camps. A couple of days later, this same Clipper was forced down nearing Lisbon."

Carroll insists that George Murphy is an amazing person, which is revealed in his versatility. A song and dance man on the stage, his film career has covered every imaginable characterization—even to a series of gangster rôles. He was dramatic in "Bataan" when he went to his death driving a flaming plane into a bridge. In "The Navy Comes Through" he was the grimy merchant marine gunner; and in tails and white tie he whirled and danced through the gay "Broadway Rhythm." He's played lovers, business

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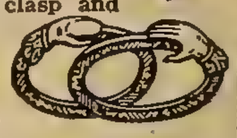
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men and vaudeville headliners, and has been daddy to Shirley Temple and Judy Garland. In "This Is The Army" he danced in the early scenes, then became the gray-haired father of Ronald Reagan.

Now, he's completing a cycle. Just ten years after he made his screen début with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions," he's again with Cantor in RKO's elaborate filmusical, "Show Business."

"He has a strong faith which may be summed up like this: To do the best he can each day, and try to follow the Golden Rule. He has his own philosophy, too. George believes Life has it all *written out in the book!* That's the way he expresses it. He thinks we may be able to influence the trend of events but we can't change the direction. This, he insists, is the only explanation for the pattern our life takes. His own story seems to verify this.

"His father was the famous Mike Murphy, track coach at Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, but an accident during a high school football game banished all dreams George had for following in his father's steps. He attended Pawling and Peddie Institute, then decided he wanted to be a mining engineer and won his degree from the Sheffield School of Science at Yale.

"Then before he got started at engineering, he met Juliette Johnson, a Detroit sub-deb, who was in New York studying to become a professional dancer. They danced together and had fun, but when she told him she was going to Florida with a show, George blew up. He knew he was in love, that he didn't want her to go to Florida, and this started a big argument with the result that they decided to form a dance team and strike out for themselves.

"Their first job was with a Chinese café and their success was sudden and overwhelming. Things moved rapidly and soon they were the star team at the Montmartre, then other New York night clubs. They went to London with the show 'Good News' in which they danced and each had a good rôle. They went on to the exclusive Mayfair Hotel, then to Paris and Monte Carlo, and back to New York and several popular musicals. Oh yes, before going to England, they slipped away by themselves and were married at the Little Church Around the Corner, the day after Christmas in 1927.

"When they arrived in Hollywood, Julie decided she had had enough of a career; she wanted to be just Mrs. George Murphy. She reads his scripts, and he says she's his best critic because she has constructive ideas. She seldom goes to the studio, and they don't talk 'shop' at home.

"By now," laughed Carroll, "you should really know George. I've certainly given you his life story and told how a would-be mining engineer turned into a famous hoofer. Must have been *written in the book,* you know.

"I'll add just this: he's loyal in all of his associations; has an infectious sense of humor that never fails him. And everybody is his friend. In fact, I doubt if George Murphy has an enemy in the world!" Which is a pretty fine tribute from one man to another after a ten-year friendship.



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New Homespun Hero

Continued from page 49

watched the Beery baby sitting in a suitcase in the wings. So Pidge he became.

It seems Maxine's and Pidge's formula for "boy meets girl" was a bit off the beaten path. Maxine, like her dad, was at home in the saddle. She admired some of Pidge's palominos in a pasture and one day rode over to ask about them. They began discussing horses. Maxine, almost fourteen, was just a kid to the rather bashful Pidge. But her interest in horses intrigued him. She'd be mighty pretty when she grew up, he decided. Soon they were on the bridle trails, and on Sundays after a couple of hours on horseback, they'd have waffles at Maxine's home.

Pidge was the first boy in Maxine's young life. Perhaps she was the first girl. Their romance continued for several years, during which there were many periods of separation and casual reunion. Maxine went to Flintridge School for Girls and traveled with her parents. Pidge went to Europe, on location, and made flying trips to New York. Then the Dole Pineapple Company selected Maxine as one of the two most beautiful models to pose with pineapples in Honolulu.

"It was then that Pidge really missed me," says Maxine. "It was my first trip away from home alone and I was having a wonderful time. Perhaps I didn't want to marry after all.

"Pidge wrote that he was very lonesome. He was on location near Mount Whitney when I returned to the States. I went up to see him. He was playing a scene and the second the director called 'Cut!' he rushed over, said 'Hello' and 'Will you marry me?' in the same breath."

Buck and Mrs. Jones had been married young, too, and they thought Pidge would be the ideal son-in-law. So Pidge bought a lot, started building the house, and went to work for Universal at $65 a week.

The home to which Pidge brought his wife started out as a two-room house in the Valley on three acres of ground. Between picture assignments he assiduously worked at carpentry and masonry. When marriage to Maxine began to seem probable, he painstakingly added on more rooms. When they gave their housewarming there were big oaks, sycamores and colorful Mexican flowers and cactus, and the tiny white stucco house of four rooms with a special "added-on dressing room for Maxine's clothes and big hats."

Baby Maxine Delmar Jones put in her appearance shortly before the Pidge Beerys' first wedding anniversary. A blonde brown-eyed little girl, her middle name is combined from her two grandmothers, Odell and Marguerite.

"My rôle in 'Sergeant York' helped to pay for Muffet," Pidge smiled. "For every major crisis, a picture would show up to tide us over."

But those days are over. After "Stormy," Pidge was off at a gallop toward the screen success he has corralled. Never again will he be called young Beery who is "Noah's son" or "Wally's nephew." He's arrived on his own.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

What Next for Alan Ladd?

Continued from page 31

tool kit for Christmas and pointed out all sorts of things that could be repaired and built for the new playroom—formerly the garage. And also despite the fact that Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, Alan's boss, had given him one of his prize Boxer puppies. When Mr. Freeman parts with one of his puppies you can be quite sure that he has the greatest admiration for the person. The Ladds were pleased and fluttered, of course. At first they called the puppy, whose family tree goes back to the Mayflower practically, Jill. But after they got to know her better they changed it to Jezebel. Jezzy has been a problem child from the beginning. She's twice as much trouble as their year-old baby, little Alana. Jezzy likes noise and excitement, and she just can't seem to understand that people prefer sleeping at night, rather than curling up in the sun in the daytime. Alan had the bright idea of putting a loudly ticking clock in Jezzy's basket, and a hot water bottle to keep her warm. But Jezzy continues to protest shrilly all through the night, until Alan goes down stairs and brings her up to bed with him. Jezzy is more demanding than a top sergeant, but cuter.

Alan decided that the only way to overcome his restlessness was to go back to work. He has worked hard all his life, and he's not the kind of a guy who can relax easily, even when he's ill. (With a temperature of 104 he worked for ten days on "This Gun For Hire"—the picture that was to turn the tide of his miserable career and make him the most important discovery of 1942.) Paramount was pleased as punch. They didn't have a picture ready for him, naturally, so they put him in the romantic lead of "And Now Tomorrow," which was all ready to go into production immediately. This is something new for Alan. He has always played a cold, steely-eyed killer. Not the nice young hero who makes pretty talk to the heroine and winds up in a clinch. Will his fans like him in that kind of a part? Paramount thinks so. Alan is not so sure.

Two recent brushes with his public has caused him to wonder if he's making a mistake playing a straight part. When he was leaving the Lux broadcast recently a kid grabbed him by his coat and said, "Say, Alan, are you going to play a gangster in your next picture?" Alan explained that he was playing a nice young doctor who cured people instead of killing them. The kid looked disgusted. "Aw, nuts," he said.

Well, at least Alan won't have to wonder long. Alan's fans like to write letters. And Alan likes to read them.

Alan got a royal welcome from the gang at Paramount the first day he worked. Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby all dropped by the set in their "Road To Utopia" costumes to give him the glad hand. Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts brought over a welcome home mat. Betty Hutton, all done up in Texas Guinan's feathers.




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1944 style...she stays
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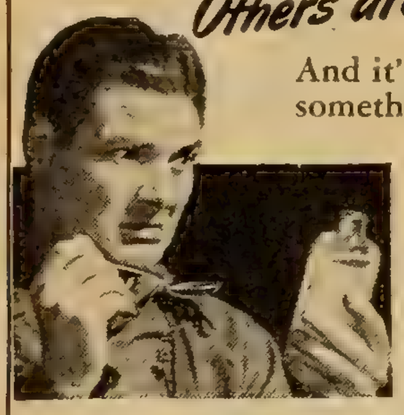
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yelled "Hiya, Lover," across the lot, and Loretta Young said, "Here we go again." Loretta and Alan had co-starred in "China," Alan's last picture before enlisting. The grips and the electricians gathered around to welcome him back to civilian life. Paramount executives were so delighted they were almost bursting the seams of their new gabardines.

But the welcome that meant most to Alan was when DeMille grabbed him cordially by the hand and said, "Ladd, I'm writing a picture specially for you. Called 'Rurales.'" You can call DeMille whatever you like, and the New York critics have found a lot of things to call him, but every actor in Hollywood wants to do a picture for DeMille. And when the master thinks you are good enough for him to condescend to write a part specially for you—why, then you have arrived indeed. Alan couldn't have been more flattered. He could hardly wait to get home to tell Sue.

I happened to be trying to get across the street to the Brown Derby the night Alan made his first appearance in Hollywood, after his Army discharge. He did "China" on the Lux broadcast. Fans were gathered from Hollywood Boulevard to Selma, and so thick in the middle of Vine that traffic was completely at a standstill When Alan left the theater the crowd started screaming and yelling at the tops of their voices. I'd never heard anything like it. "Who is it?" a little old lady asked me excitedly, "Sinatra?" "No," I said, "Alan Ladd." She watched the screaming, pushing fans for a few seconds, and said with approval, "I don't blame them—I like Ladd, too."

Hollywood Women Have Gone to War

Continued from page 34

given sons. Sons who are giving, or have given, *their* blood. I know many such, *many*.

"Are the finger-pointers forgetting the women who work in defense, many of them doubling in brass and caring for their homes and families before and after hours?

"Look at the women of our profession, *my* profession. Rosalind Russell, one of the best examples, only a few months before her son was born, went off and gave a party for 30,000 men stationed on the scorching desert, brought it off triumphantly and practically single-handed. That's only one job Roz did. She never stops. If you can persuade Martha Raye, Carole Landis, Kay Francis to speak for five minutes of their experiences in Africa under fire, in fox-holes and slit-trenches, tell me then whether American women and especially Hollywood women are dependent upon lipsticks and compacts and night-clubs and frou-frou.

"Bette Davis isn't permitting her personal grief and not-too-good health to keep her from her job at the Hollywood Canteen. Gene Tierney, her young star just rising, kissed it (and certainly the salary that went with it) goodbye for



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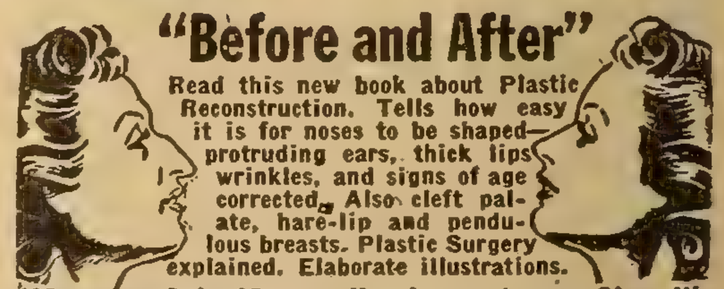
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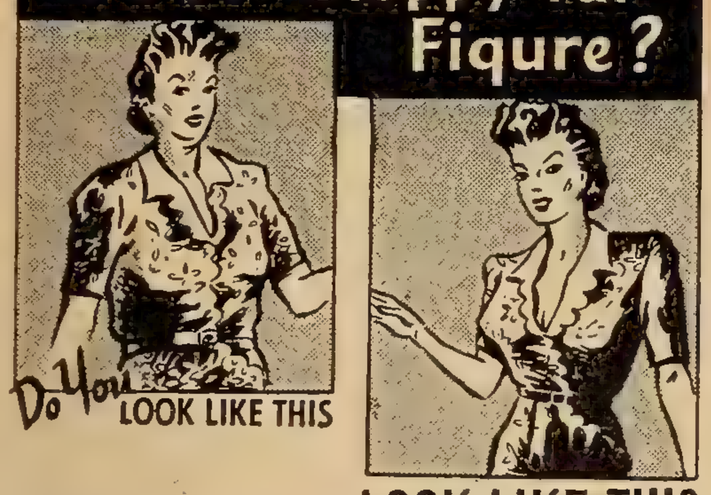
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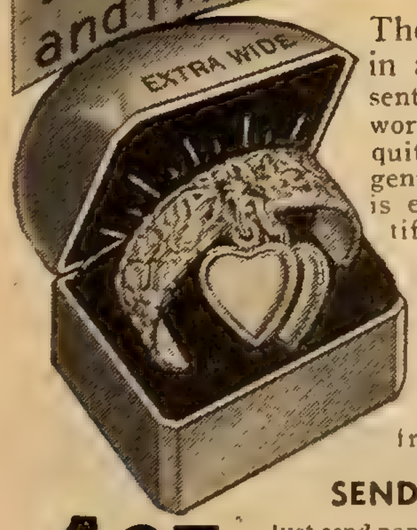
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an indefinite period in order to be near her husband who was in camp in Kansas, and to have her baby there. So many of the girls, Maureen O'Hara, Brenda Marshall, Betty Grable, so many thousands of other girls whose names I do not know, wanting babies, having them, keeping their homes intact, holding down their jobs, too, so that when their men come home again it will be to something that was worth fighting for. American women not at war!!!

"It is embarrassing to use the personal pronoun 'I' when one pauses to consider the magnitude and magnificence of the mass effort but since I risk being asked, at this point, 'What have *you* done?' I'll remark in passing that I, along with hundreds of others, took the Red Cross first-aid course (and received my pin for Excellence, which makes me feel sort of *decorated* or something), go to the Hollywood Canteen whenever I can manage an early break at the studio, and have recently done a six weeks' camp tour Six weeks of, I must add, just visiting. For I can't sing or dance, and I didn't do a show. But I did find the thing I can do best, which is simply to visit with the boys. In the mental wards, in the various hospitals and camps. Some of them recognize me. Others think they do, others have no idea who I am, what I do, or where I come from. Which isn't important. What matters is that I knew I was on the right track when they said to me, so many of them said to me, 'I feel much better now that I've seen a friendly face.'

"The *friendly faces of women* — you think they don't help the war effort?" "I don't care," she continued, her voice, habitually of the texture of silk, harsh. "I don't care how foolish or vain or pampered or silly a woman has been, she is in there now wrapping bandages, doing Nurse's Aide, dish-washing at Canteens, selling war-stamps and bonds, in department stores, in hotel lobbies, in stations, doing something. When it's said, and it has been said, that many women help the war effort because others do and they want to be 'in the swim,' I don't believe it. But even if it were true, even if it *is* true of a small minority, it really doesn't matter why they are doing it—the point is, they *are* doing it.

"Our living is different, practically every aspect of it, every phase. Our way of thinking is different, what we want, what we expect. We do not buy clothes the way we used to (I know I don't) because there are bonds to buy. I can remember, just barely *remember*," Loretta laughed, "when I used to have, say twelve to fifteen hats a year. Now I'm down to three or, at most, four. The whole concept of clothes has changed It certainly has here in Hollywood among the girls in pictures. And as we are supposed to be the most clothes conscious group of females to be found anywhere, if we've modified and cut down, I daresay girls everywhere are doing ditto.

"Speaking for myself (although, as a matter of fact, all of my friends in Hollywood are doing the same). I'm wearing all my old clothes and, believe me, I'm glad to have them. You can't buy materials in quantity, or of the quality, that



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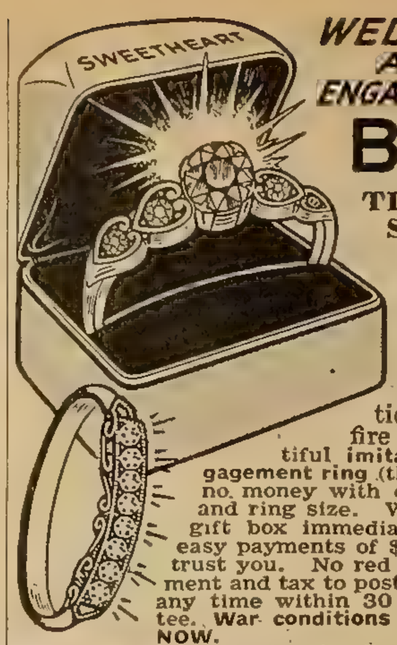
went into dresses before the war. That dress hanging there, which I wore to the studio this morning," (it was a tailored, buff blue jersey, with a side drape flounce and a small L.L. monogram, for Loretta Lewis, on the shoulder), "is a year and a half old. Which would have been an unheard of 'true confession' coming from an actress before the war.

"Now, too, instead of giving my used clothes away as I once did, I work away at alterations like a veteran village seamstress. Matter of fact, I'm rather natty with a needle, thanks to the training I received, at an early age. I've recently made myself three rather divine peasant dresses, hand-embroidered, with aprons to match. And a matching peasant outfit, complete with apron, for my small daughter, Judy. Last week, I spent two evenings altering a blouse which I wore with a three-year-old suit to a bond rally. Re-vamped clothes, in fact, are the major items in Mrs. Lewis' wardrobe. I utilize *everything* now, plot, plan, scheme and contrive—and it's rather fun. Long sleeves put in a short-sleeved dress, for example, will give you a winter's wear out of a summer job. A blouse which seems to be a white elephant can be turned into a chameleon that serves many purposes. I had one that didn't look well with suits, too fluffy. It hung around for months until I conceived the bright idea of going to Livingstone's, a small department store in Beverly Hills, where I bought some black cotton material, made a long skirt, wore the blouse with it and it was turned out for several summer evenings. Then I had a black velvet dinner dress, three or four years old, and *very* tired. I removed the skirt, put a little dusting ruffle of white lace around the hem and wore it, too, with the fluffy blouse, and felt as new as April!

"Wonders can be worked by adding a new veil to an old hat. Me, I use a black veil with the old pink felt and a pink veil with the old black felt and feel both chic and changeful! Or you can dispense with hats altogether and work legerdemain with veils alone. Rosalind Russell, as ingenious as she is untiring, buys stiff veiling, has it wired and shaped like a bird-cage which covers her head and face. Peering out of those bird-cages, she looks provocative—and different.

"Our attitude about food," Loretta laughed again, "what an alteration that has undergone! I can remember giving dinner parties, calling the florist and ordering a dozen roses or a dozen gardenias, or both, for the table. Now I go into the garden and clip the greens and, if I do say so, turn out floral pieces that definitely improve on the old roses-and-gardenias routine. For instance, I have a darling miniature tea-set. I place the pot in the middle of the table with a fuschia bud or a sprig of green thrusting out of the spout. Then I arrange the cups and saucers on either side, with a violet or a pansy or a hollyhock bud in each cup and the effect is quaint, charming!

"I can remember dinner parties, our own and others, where hors d'oeuvres were a matter of course and a spanking roast, a commonplace. Such a thing as



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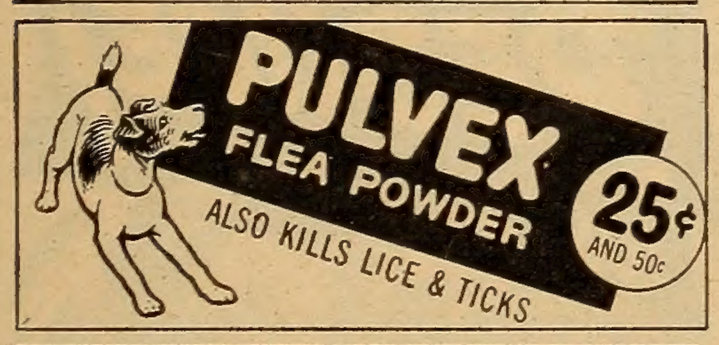
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hors d'oeuvres before dinner doesn't even enter my head now and when I am dining out (or in) and a roast appears I think, awed, those POINTS! And fruit! I haven't had a banana in the house for ages," Loretta added, ruefully, "and I *love* bananas.

"And just as all the clothes in our house are used one way or another, so all the food is 'done over' and consumed In the past six months, we have had some of the *eeriest dishes!* But *wonderful!*

"When I am working, I usually have my lunch in my dressing room at the studio. Vera, my maid (who also doubles in brass, at home and here at the studio) brings the fixins' when she comes with me in the morning. Most often they are things left over from dinner the night before which she whips into a tasty business. Hash is an all-favorite dish. And faithful! For if we have any meat left, we have hash—hash in every language—beef, ham, veal, chicken, fish, hearts. liver and gizzards! We always have appreciated ham (no snickers, please) in our house. And now the ham-bone is a precious thing for it's put to work pronto for pea or bean or lentil soup. Soy bean bread, use of vegetable shortening instead of butter for cooking, and Judy's favorite dish, weiners and sauerkraut are wartime 'regulars' in the Lewis menage. Naturally, all our fats are saved for Uncle Sam. Tin cans are crushed and saved for the salvage collections and every newspaper and magazine for the paper drives.

"When you really get into the war conservation stream of consciousness, so to speak," Loretta said, gravely, "it permeates all your thinking, everything you do. When I wear an evening dress, for example, which isn't often, I must admit. I don't wear stockings. Saves a few hours' wear and tear, anyway. I haven't a nylon to my name, by the way, and my Judy gets my shoe ration coupons—you know how youngsters grow out of shoes! I never go to beauty parlors any more, do my own hair and nails. Perfume, which used to be a hobby and an extravagance — well, I'm using what I have left and when it is all gone, will buy colognes. What a very flattering writer once called my 'fabulous Cadillac sedan' has been put up for the duration. I use a station wagon for studio transportation and Colonel Lewis gets about in a three-year-old Mercury, and very grateful we are, too, that we have four wheels apiece!

"You find that you can, and are very willing to dispense with almost everything you once considered practically indispensable or in some way dear to you. When, some time ago, the government called upon civilians for all available metals, I contributed all the pots and pans, except my antiques, odds and ends we could possibly manage without and added the various silver and gold trophies—the cups and awards, you know, which I've received during my professional career. Trophies for, Heavens! 'beauty,' 'diction,' 'teeth,' the 'best-dressed.' Most of the girls in pictures are accorded the same superlatives and are given similar trophies at one time or another. Still, I sort of valued mine, once



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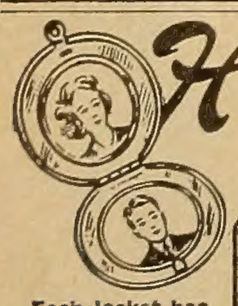
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thought I'd never, never part with them, but did without a pang. Happily for my self-respect, I might add, since little Judy, also without a visible pang, up and gave a huge box of her most favorite toys to the war veterans for their child welfare. Judy is a splendid little knitter, too (which I am not), and belongs to the Beverly Hills Children and Governess group which recently completed in a few weeks eighteen afghans for war relief.

"It's good for us," Loretta said, roundly, "very good for us to be good about the war effort. It brings us back to the basic principles of simple living and to the fresh, and rather startling realization of how few our needs actually are. In addition, it develops resourcefulness in us, and ingenuity. For example, there is a lack of closet space in our house. And there is a lack of carpenters in Beverly Hills. So, needing some extra space for my long dresses, little Loretta bought some Compo board, walled off the bath-tub adjoining the powder-room (which we never used for bathing anyway), ran a standard bar the length of the bath compartment from which my evening gowns, concealed and protected, now cascade into the bath-tub!

"Even this gown," Loretta said, smoothing the filmy bodice and flying folds, "is—how shall I put it?—part of the war effort. For the studio didn't have it made for me, as is customary. It's my own. Three years old, but my own. One of my favorites, too. Irene made it for me just before Tom and I went to Honolulu for the last long holiday we were to have together, so I had lovely times in it, *lovely*. Now I'm wearing it for a scene in 'Ladies Courageous,' a love scene with Phillip Terry, which is supposed to take place in 1937. Since women's gowns, even for pictures, can't have the yards of material that were used for them then, Mrs. Lewis very kindly lent Miss Young this one, which has the pre-war yardage.

"These are the kind of things I meant," Loretta said, "when I said that we women are at war, even though some of us are fighting only in our homes or in seemingly small and inconsequential ways. But what is wrong with the home ways and the so-called 'little' ways, neither of which are actually, as all men of good sense must admit, inconsequential? If we can't, for one reason or another, age, perhaps, or ill-health, or small children or economic necessity or whatever, do more than conserve our kitchen fats, re-vamp our old clothes, make beds, keep the hearth swept, the silver polished, the bedding aired and the rugs de-mothed—well, the men can't come home to a shambles, can they? Obviously, some among us must maintain and keep up the homes the men are fighting for. Or am I wrong?"

Loretta paused, then, out of breath. I thought, wrath in white chiffon is a fearsome sight, both frail and ferocious.

"Wrath in white chiffon"—the phrase intrigued me and I said it aloud.

Loretta laughed, "White chiffon or homespun," she said, "swansdown or kitchen aprons or sun-suits, they cover warrior hearts, for believe me, we women *are* at war!"

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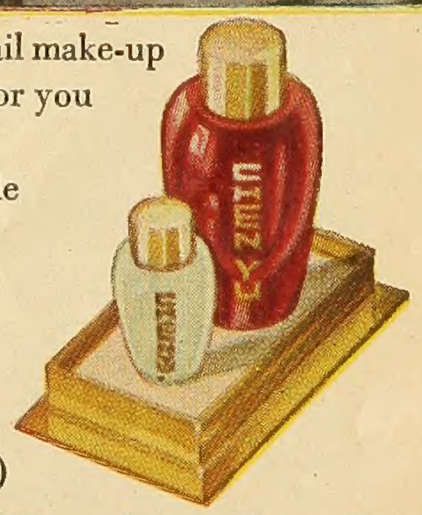
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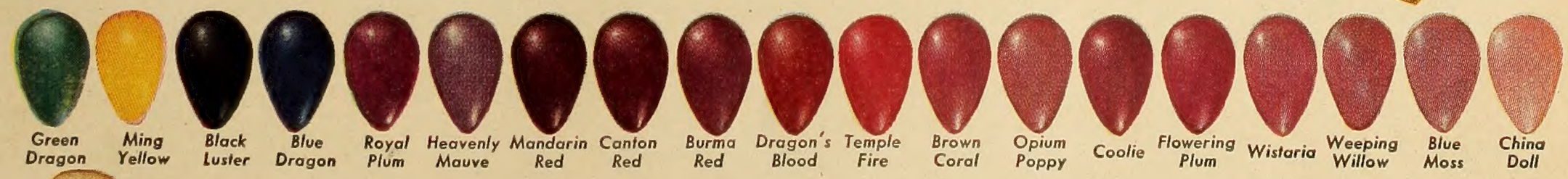
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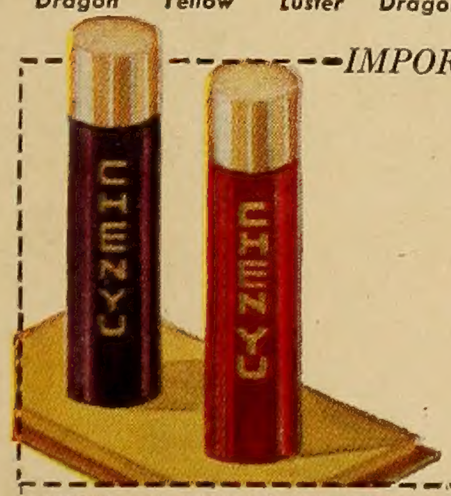
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